

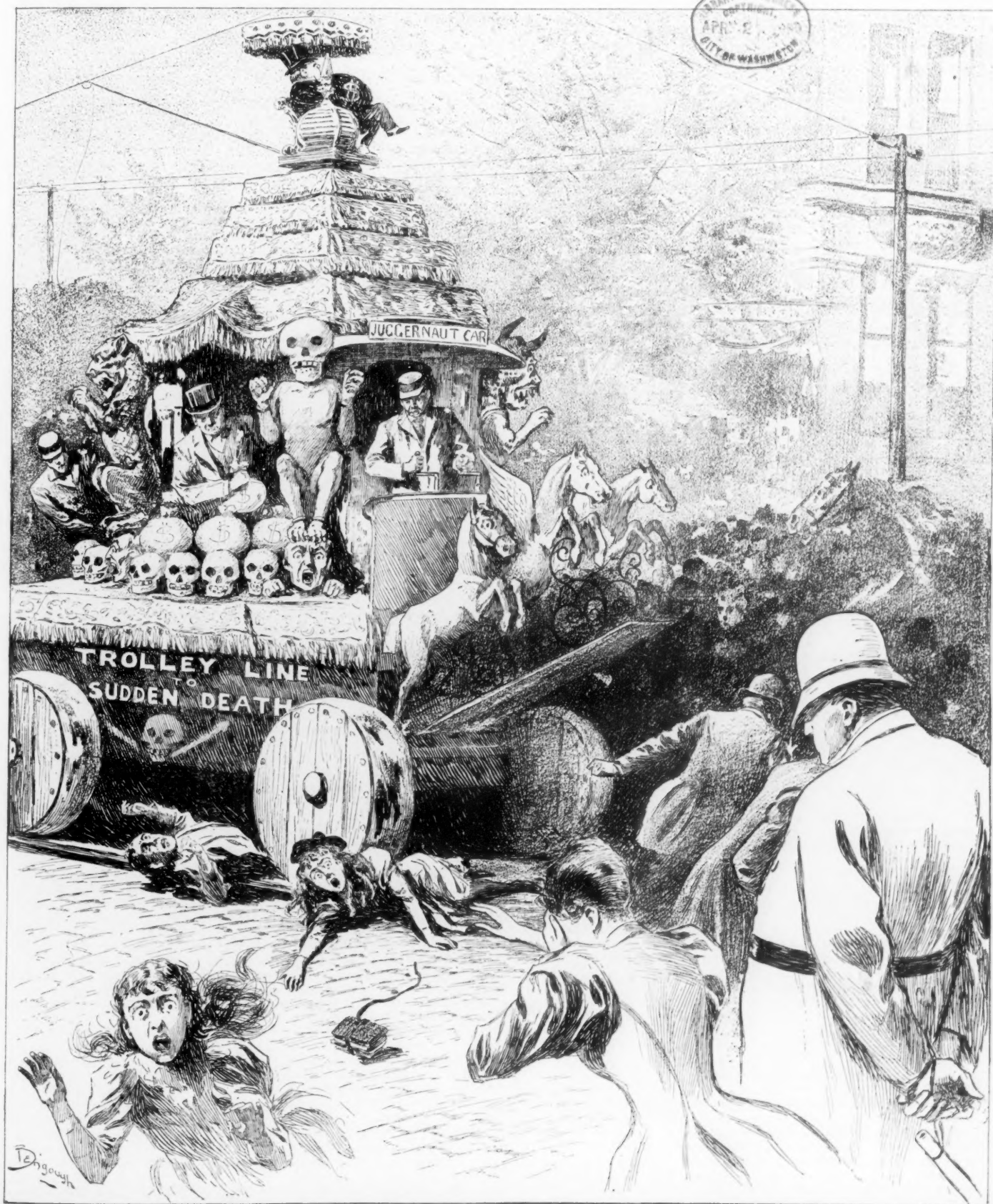
# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

Vol. XV.—No. 3.  
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NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1895.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1895.

## ALL AMONG OURSELVES

OUGHT the trolley car to be banished from our large cities?

If the mothers in the community of Brooklyn could decide the matter, they would quickly do away with the Juggernaut which has been so terribly destructive of the lives of young children. The slaughter roll of the trolley car in our sister city is frightful to contemplate. More than a hundred innocent lives have been sacrificed to this ravening monster since electricity was enlisted in the service of rapid transit.

IN 1881 there was an electrical exhibition in Paris, and a double decked surface car, moved by electricity, ran up and down on a short line within the exhibition's grounds. One day an old gentleman persisted in standing in front of the car, and got killed. The next morning the authorities closed the little railroad, caused the car to be taken away, and it was ten years before Paris would listen again to any proposals for electric traction.

VERY timid and conservative, wasn't it? That is what the Brooklyn corporations would probably say. They would call the Paris authorities old-fashioned and slow because they did not wait until one hundred people had been killed. But what is this new doctrine which makes light of the sacrifice of human life, and asserts that women must be made childless and babes be orphaned because corporations choose to defy the law? If our freedom can give us no better results than this we shall learn to sigh for a little of that authority which protects the public.

BROOKLYN furnishes the most striking instance of the dangers from surface trolley cars when recklessly run. But in many other cities there is a similar melancholy record of lives sacrificed to carelessness and greed. The great number of fatal accidents is prompting the public to consider whether it may not be well to dispense with trolley cars altogether in large cities. It is also one of the prime agents in provoking discussion on the much agitated subject of municipal ownership and control of surface railroads. If the corporations cannot see the thunder-cloud arising, it is because they are blind to everything save their own interest. They may suddenly discover that those who gave them the opportunity to make money can take it away again.

THERE is, it appears, some promise of a revolt from the nauseously sensual and super-sensuous schools of fiction with which the reading public of the great nations has been cursed of late. A return to the cleanly and wholesome, and a little less enthusiasm about vivisectioning society, one's own affections, and the memory of one's ancestors, are manifest in circles which once boasted a taste for the highly flavored in literature. The

fall of Bunthorne has brought down many of the clay gods of the pessimistic and malodorous school with a crash. Even the theatre, which was beginning to reek, now shows a tendency to accept the statement that good women may be interesting, and that normal men are worth depicting. The revulsion of feeling has not come a moment too soon.

It is hoped and expected that Mr. Richard Mansfield's new theatre in this city will be one of the temples of the decent, the fumigated and sweetened drama. Mr.



Mansfield's devotion to dramatic art is conscientious, and he will not sacrifice everything to long runs. He will bring out many new plays every season, and he ought to draw to himself new authors who can build up a school of comedy that shall be neither artificial nor decaying. If he will give us short runs of first-rate plays, he will put fresh life into the theatre, and perhaps accord it some national value. At present the American stage appears to be a provincial appendage to that of London.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's remarks on the financial issue, in his letter declining a public reception in Chicago, will be approved by every believer in a sound currency. Mr. Cleveland recommends an aggressive attitude to all who adhere to wholesome financial doctrine. "If," he says, "the sound money sentiment abroad in the land is to save us from mischief and disaster it must be crystallized and combined and made immediately active. It is dangerous to overlook the fact that a vast number of our people, with a scant opportunity thus far to examine the question in all its aspects, have nevertheless been ingeniously pressed with the special suggestions which, in this time of misfortune and depression, find willing listeners prepared to give credence to any scheme which is plausibly presented as a remedy for their unfortunate condition."

THIS manly and vigorous letter contains an important warning to the silver monometallists. It shows them that they may expect no aid or comfort from the Executive, and that all appeals of demagogues for free silver legislation on the ground that it is remedial will be frowned upon.

MEANTIME ex-Congressman Bland has arisen, with new strength, and proposes to stump the West for free silver. "No power on earth," he says, with his usual elasticity of language, "can turn me from my course." But perhaps sensible and patriotic remonstrances like those of President Cleveland may lessen the number of ex-Congressman Bland's disciples.

FOR twenty years the petroleum interests of this country have been under the control of the Standard Oil Company. That concern has never been a producer of oil. It has controlled the refineries and the trade in refined petroleum, and lately it has had control of the great pipe lines which have taken the business of transporting oil from the railroad companies. But as the Standard Oil Company handled all the oil produced in the great petroleum fields of the United States, it has fixed the price which it would pay for the crude product and the owners of the oil wells have been obliged to accept that valuation. The foreign demand for oil and the competition of foreign producers are supposed to have fixed the price of oil with the Standard Oil Company.

WHEN the great oil fields of Pennsylvania were opened in 1859 the uses of petroleum were few, and a production which would be only one per cent of the annual production now completely swamped the market. Oil was sold in some cases for less than the cost of transportation. But the increasing usefulness of the oils of petroleum soon made the demand for it enormous. Artificial oils had been made from coal products in England for some years. The American natural oils, coming into competition with them, drove their makers almost entirely out of the business.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the petroleum fields around Baku in Russia were held by the Government. In 1872 they were opened to private enterprise. Capital took hold, wells were dug, railroads built, and the district was developed as rapidly as the oil regions of Pennsylvania. Last year Russia produced forty per cent of the petroleum of the world; the United States produced fifty-seven per cent.

IN 1893 the Russians found that overproduction and competition threatened to ruin their business, and they petitioned the Government for assistance. All that the Government would do was to reduce freight rates. This it proposed to do on condition that the owners of the

wells get together and form a combination to prevent overproduction in the future. This combination was formed, about sixty-five per cent of the producers being represented at first. Later twenty per cent more came in. This eighty-five per cent of the producing capacity of the Baku district is in league under the direction of certain refiners and exporters.

THE union is under a contract, running for five years from April 1, 1894. Thirty-five per cent of the world's production is cornered in Russia; fifty-seven per cent is cornered here. Any combination of men able to control ninety-two per cent of the production of any necessary article in common use would be able to fix the selling price for the world. Has the Standard Oil Company an understanding with the Baku trust? Is the advance in price a result of a combination of interests?

IT will be remembered that two years ago a proposition was said to be under consideration involving a division of petroleum territory. It was suggested that Russia take the Asiatic market, just becoming important, and that the Standard Oil Company be without a rival on the Continent of Europe. Possibly some understanding between those great powers has been reached, and the advance in prices is the first step of the Standard toward a readjustment of the petroleum market.

THE operation of the unpopular Income Tax law is girt about with difficulties, and it is evident that there will be a large number of protests and contested cases. The returns were made very promptly in this city and in Brooklyn, and were in many cases accompanied by notification of an intention to fight the law. Among the corporations likely to engage in this contest, the Standard Oil Company is mentioned. It is also understood that some of the wealthy brewers mean to test their cases in the courts.



NO new interpretation of the law is likely to be given by the Supreme Court before next October, at which time Justice Jackson will be well enough to return to Washington, and there will then be a full bench. Those who are dissatisfied with the opinion that a tax upon the rent or income of real estate and income derived from municipal bonds is unconstitutional will therefore have to possess their souls in patience for some months. For the present the tax is not likely to be of much avail in remedying the deficiency in revenue which is becoming painfully perceptible.

JUSTICE FIELD is reported to have been gravely offended by the action of the lawyer who, arguing before the Supreme Court for the Government's side of the test case, practically menaced it with destruction by a "social revolution." "If I had not supposed," said Justice Field, "that the Chief Justice would have rebuked such an extraordinary utterance, I should myself, from my place on the bench, have protested against such an attempt to intimidate the Court." Evidently he is not yet ready to sanction the power of discrimination in taxation, or to nullify the uniformity mandate of the Constitution.

PERRY, the noted train robber, has been captured and is to be returned to the Matteawan Asylum from which he had escaped.

THE attempt to change the name of the "Bowery" has been a failure, as it deserved to be. Streets change, and their inhabitants with them. But there is no reason why historic names should be cast aside. Long after palatial structures have taken the places of the lodging-houses, the cheap theatres and the clothing stores, the Bowery will keep its ancient appellation.

HIGHLY commendable is the practice inaugurated by Mr. James Stokes of this city, who entertained at dinner the contractors and workmen who have just completed for him his elegant mansion at the corner of Park Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street. Among the guests of honor at this fraternal dinner were Bishop Potter, who is a member of the Council of Arbitration; R. Fulton Cutting, the president of the Trade Schools, and others interested in labor and its pacific partnership with capital. May every home builder who can afford it follow Mr. Stokes's example.

"L'ANGELUS," a fragment of the last novel planned by the late Guy de Maupassant, has just been published in France.

THE English Tories are in full revolt against Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the Liberal-Union Alliance. Mr. Balfour is finding his position between the rank and file of the Tory party and Mr. Chamberlain quite intolerable.

A WOMAN suffrage bill has just been beaten in the Wisconsin Legislature.





EX-MAYOR WILLIAM R. GRACE of this city has retired from the leadership of the State Democracy.

GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS arrived in Cuba April 16, and announced his intention of suppressing the insurgents at once. He also promises to carry out the needed reforms. But that was what was said at the beginning of the "ten years war." The Spanish troops recently inflicted severe loss on a patriot army; yet new insurgent armies are constantly forming. Jose Marti has reached the island in safety.

MANY towns were partially wrecked and many lives were lost by earthquake shocks in Austria and Italy on the night of the 14th inst. At Laibach, thirty-five miles northeast of Trieste, thirty-one distinct shocks were felt during the night. In Venice and Verona the populations were much alarmed by shocks. There were panics in numerous theatres. Tourists are leaving North Italy in large numbers.

The Cunard liner "Lucania" overhauled the "Paris" and left her six hours and nineteen minutes behind in a recent run of two thousand and sixty knots. The best nautical day's run of the "Lucania" was five hundred and forty miles.

The directors of the Union Savings Bank of Toledo are making arrangements for a test case on the Income Tax law. The court will be asked to render a decision on the taxing of incomes derived from mortgages on real estate.

IN a recent number of the Berlin *Klin-Woch* Dr. Hausemann writes ably against the treatment of diphtheria by anti-toxine. After exhaustively reviewing the latest developments in connection with the use of the serum and its consequences, Dr. Hausemann comes to the following conclusions: 1. That there are no scientific, theoretical or experimental grounds for assuming that the so-called diphtheria anti-toxine is a specific remedy in diphtheria. 2. Proof of the specific action of the serum in man has not as yet been obtained from practical experience. 3. Under certain conditions, anti-toxine may act injuriously, for it exerts a disintegrating influence upon the blood and produces serious changes in the kidneys.

QUEEN VICTORIA, though in comparatively good health, has lost the use of her limbs from rheumatic gout and is unable now to stand unless supported. Owing to this infirmity, her tire-women have difficulty in dressing her. She no longer wears corsets or tight-fitting bodices. The Queen has suffered from this weakness in her limbs since last summer, having been first affected during her stay at Osborne. I see that her Majesty has been advised to adopt the milk diet, that is to say, fruit and milk. Whether it would be the one thing calculated to restore strength and the power of locomotion to a person so far advanced in years as the Queen only her medical advisers perhaps can tell.

BUT here is a fact worth bearing in mind. Francisque Sarcey, the well-known French journalist, has successfully warded off the physical collapse he was recently threatened with, by having recourse to milk and vegetable diet. The fear of losing his sight and the use of his limbs, as the result of the ravages of rheumatic gout, gave him courage to deprive himself of all the kinds of food he most preferred. He now lives entirely on a regime of fish, vegetables, milk and eggs, never touching meat. His former physical and mental activity are perfectly restored, and he has every prospect of living to a green old age. I have known many instances of other people in feeble health regaining strength mentally as well as physically by taking merely milk and fruit. There is more nutrition in milk than in any other known substance, and when it is borne in mind that all nutrition taken into the human stomach must first be reduced to the fluid state before assimilation occurs, the advantage of the pure lacteal fluid as an article of diet will be readily understood.

The *British Medical Journal* in a recent issue says the early rising theory is a mistake, that the vital forces do not come into play until mid day, and that the inclination to rise with the lark, far from being a sign of strength of character and physical vigor, is an indication of advancing age. Supported by such a respectable authority as the journal above quoted, the number of those who would sluggishly lie abed in the mornings will no doubt increase enormously. Perhaps the twentieth century will see a complete revolution in business hours. With all our cheap lighting facilities, it will soon be easy to turn night into day for work as well as for pleasure. In that event the "No Breakfast" faddists will have won their point in an unexpectedly easy fashion.

A LEAGUE has been formed by a number of young men in China for the purpose of discountenancing the custom which prevails among Chinese women of com-

pressing their feet. Each member of the league binds himself by a vow never to marry a girl whose pedal extremities have been dwarfed and misshapen in the usual way. In China it is every father's ambition to see his daughters married, and it is hoped that the means adopted by the young men to suppress a foolish and hideous custom will effectually bring about the desired reform.

THE Nicaragua matter now seems in a fair way to be settled peaceably. President Zelaya announced on the 17th, according to the New York *Herald*, that "Nicaragua is assured of England's decision not to carry out her ultimatum, and he says that the matter in dispute will be submitted to the arbitration of a friendly Power. But the latest dispatches rather contradict this optimistic view. It is believed in Washington, however, that Nicaragua has probably arranged for the payment of the "smart money" as soon as possible, after having been assured that there will be no compulsion.



THE policy of the President and Secretary Gresham with regard to Central American controversies with Great Britain is in gratifying harmony with that "Monroe Doctrine" at which the London journalists presume to laugh. England has been plainly notified that territory must not be seized, nor must military or naval forces be landed; and that Nicaragua will not be permitted to cede any portion of her domain to Great Britain. The understanding being complete, we now have only to await events.

RUSSELL SAGE will present to the trustees of the Emma Willard Seminary, at Troy, N. Y., a new building to be known as Russell Sage Hall. Its cost was one hundred and five thousand dollars.

CARRIER pigeon cotes are henceforth to be a feature of all our naval stations. Secretary Herbert is entirely in favor of the use of carrier pigeons in the navy. A method has been invented of carrying messages in small aluminum water-tight cases attached to the legs of the birds.

A CHINESE directory containing the names and addresses of New York and San Francisco Chinamen in 1895 has just been issued.

EDWARD CROSSLY of Halifax, N. S., has given a three-foot reflecting telescope to the Lick Observatory of California. This will be specially available for certain work in photography and spectroscopy, for which the large telescope is not adapted.

THE quarrel between Sweden and Norway is growing more dangerous to European peace daily. Sweden is not inclined to yield to Norway's demands, and it is reported that the Swedish Government will mobilize its fleet at once, and is preparing also to mobilize its army.

GREAT BRITAIN is conducting a very active campaign in Chitral in India. There has been some brisk fighting in the hills, where a punitive expedition had been sent to destroy some villages; and a British expedition was compelled to take some artillery across a pass fifteen thousand feet high, in order to pursue the rebels. Several prominent English officers have perished in this campaign.

THE Kotze-Reischach duel in Berlin has created a great sensation. Leberecht von Kotze, after being acquitted of the charge of circulating letters professing to give scandalous details of life at the Imperial Court, has been involved in several duels. Freiherr von Reischach, the Empress Frederick's Court Marshal, recently challenged Von Kotze, and severely wounded him. Eight shots were exchanged, the condition being that the duel should be continued until one or the other of the principals should be dangerously wounded. The Emperor and the high officials of the Court express deep sympathy for Von Kotze. It is thought that he may not recover.

THE Central Labor Union has appointed a committee on education, to inquire how the compulsory education law is to be enforced. The Union now represents forty-five thousand wage workers (producing a net income of fifty-two million dollars annually), who want their children educated, and who complain that there is not school room enough in this city.

THE *Echo de Paris* wants a commercial league started by European Powers against the United States. But the *Echo* must remember that it has been tried before and failed.

AT last a treaty of peace has been signed between China and Japan. Doubtless the unfortunate Celestials have got better terms than they would have had if the fanatic had not shot Li Hung Chang in the face. But that the haughty Chinese people should consent to pay an indemnity of one hundred million dollars in gold, to recognize the independence of Korea, to agree to Japan's retention of the conquered strong places, and of the territory east of the Liao River; the permanent cession of Formosa, the "pearl of islands"; and that they should accept an offensive and defensive alliance with the enemy, shows how thoroughly they have been subjugated. If this treaty is not approved at Peking, the military operations will go forward with renewed fervor.

THERE does not appear to be anything in the treaty which can excuse the intervention of European Powers. Nothing has been insisted upon which could warrant either England or Russia in stepping in to save China. The land of the chrysanthemum now assumes special prominence in the East. As the reorganizer of China Japan is to be the wielder of colossal power. The commercial, industrial and political effects of this brief war will be immense and far-reaching. The utilization of the vast forces now dormant in China will cause a revolution in Pacific commerce. Russia, France, and England must make the best of the changed conditions.

DRURY COLLEGE, of Springfield, Mo., recently received from the King of Siam forty volumes, comprising all the canonical writings of the Buddhist religion collected from the different temples in India, China, Burmah, Japan and Siam. The books were published by the King at his own expense, and cost one hundred thousand dollars.

THE Hotel Raymond, a well-known fashionable resort near Pasadena, Cal., was recently destroyed by fire.

THE Federal Government is doing all in its power to protect the public against the combination for making meat unreasonably dear. Secretary Morton has suspended the regulations which keep Mexican cattle out of this country. It may be necessary to do away with the tariff on meat. "Corners" in the necessities of life are dangerous experiments for speculators.

MEANTIME people in the large cities need not fancy that they are about to starve because corn-fed beef is high. Poultry and eggs are cheap and abundant; fish swarm in the seas, and mutton, though relegated to second place in the housewife's calendar of meats, is "a good familiar creature." Let a few millions of people stop buying beef for a while, and the prices will soon fall again. The advance in prices is unwarranted, and must subside.

THE American School of Architecture has obtained a three years' lease of the Villa Ludovici in Rome.

A LAKE of sulphur covering fifteen acres has suddenly formed in the district near Rome as the result of the recent earthquakes in Italy.

THE famous French novelist Catulle Mendes has been wounded in a duel which he fought with Jules Huret, a Parisian journalist, who called him "Oscar Wilde's intimate friend."

A REVOLUTION against the reigning dynasty in China is said to be imminent.

ROBERT CENTER, known everywhere in the best sporting circles in America, was run over by a coal wagon while riding his bicycle on the Boulevard in this city, on April 17, and was killed. Mr. Center brought to this country the first bicycle ever seen here. He was the son of a wealthy cotton broker, and inherited a large fortune.

Two children born to the wife of J. Koshler, in this city, on Monday, April 15, are attached to each other from the lower part of the spinal column to the upper part of the pelvis. They each have the proper number of organs and limbs, separate and distinct.

BY the will of the late Mrs. Paron Stevens, the greater part of her estate, which is about one million and a half dollars, is to go to unborn great-grandchildren. In case the grandchildren have no issue, their share of the property will remain theirs absolutely.

THE first work of Mayor Swift, the new reform Mayor of Chicago, was to remove fifteen hundred incompetent or unnecessary employees.

THE gentle society of Sorosis has set aside Easter Monday as henceforth its day for a memorial service for its distinguished dead.



# NANTUCKET WRECKS.

THE STORY OF A RESCUE ON MIACOMET RIP.



Seaverns '94.  
NANTUCKET.

"WHAT was the most daring wreck rescue on Nantucket?" said Captain Barzilla Macy, reflectively, to the off-islander who had drifted into the hospitable rooms of the Pacific Club which, as every voyager to Nantucket well knows, are in the old Custom House building at the foot of the town square.

The half-dozen or more whaling masters—all that are left of the twenty-one who organized the club at the close of the last war—the retired agents and merchants, a professional man or two, and one or two weather-beaten coasting skippers, who now compose the club, had all gathered in solemn circle about the stove in the centre of the low-ceiled room, as is their custom each day, after disposing of the early New England supper at their respective homes.

For some time nothing had broken the silence that succeeded the off-islander's introduction to a few of the members but the deep-contented puffing of the old sea-dogs as they pulled at their pipes, enveloping themselves in clouds of tobacco-smoke. The stranger glanced about him, and his eye took in the paintings of some famous ships, highly colored lithographs representing scenes from chase and capture of the monster mammals of ocean, and finally came to rest upon a harpoon and a bomb lance which hung side by side upon the wall nearest him, like emblems of the past and present.

As these objects began to grow indistinct in the haze raised by the group of industrious and silent smokers he addressed the question above to the old sailor who sat nearest him.

"Lemme see. The most daring rescue that ever I seed was at the wreck of the schooner 'Ev'line Treat' which struck on Miacomet Rip nigh on to thirty years ago."

"That war only twenty-eight years ago, Barziller," broke in James Bowline, a keen-faced down East coasting skipper who, having accumulated a competency in that by no means easy style of navigation—but for which the deep-sea sailors, the fellows who talk nonchalantly of doubling Cape Horn, a voyage to China or a little jaunt up the Mediterranean, have a perfect contempt—had come to anchor in the snug harbor of the Pacific Club where, as the off-islander soon learned, he was continually criticising the yarns that circulated through the little club-room, yet never disdained to draw the long bow himself whenever he could find an auditor.

"It war in '65, for that was the fall I swapped my red kaow for Peleg Coffin's colt and got ten dollars ter bute."

"Sho'! Now Jim, were you roun' here in '65? I 'sposed you were still in Californy on that vacation you took for your health in '61."

As the laugh which this hit at Bowline's war record created died away, Captain Barzilla continued. "Well, come to think on't, I believe Jim's right. It was 'bout the last of October, 1865, when that wreck took place. I had just got in from a

voyage to the Brazeel Banks. We were calklatin' on going round the Cape and up inter the Arctic, but the way the rebel privateers were a-burnin' things up that way we concluded to skin fer home with the two hundred odd bar'ls of ile we already had.

"Twar on a Friday that I got here. Soon after the 'Island Home' left Hyannis—Was the 'Island Home' a-runnin' here then? Lord, yes; for ten years or more. I tell'ee, young man, they use ter build boats in them days on honor. Yes, sir, on honor!" and here the old sea-dog discovered that his pipe had gone out.

As soon as he had got it to going again, and had drawn a few good long whiffs of its nicotine-laden smoke, he resumed: "As I was a-sayin', just after we left Hyannis it begun to cloud up, and the wind, which'd been brisk and from the no'th, died away entirely. As I war up in the pilot-house, I could see that the glass was a-droppin' like everything, and I sez to m'self, 'Barziller, we're a-goin' to have a blow.' An' sure nuff, by the time we were a-crossin' the bar she war a-comin' from the sou'-west in heavy squalls with showers. They warn't expectin' on me at home that day, and I got wet clean to my skin a-gettin' up from the wharf to the house.

"My! but didn't it blow that night? An' with the mother a-cookin' supper and with the children on my knees, the little house on Pine Street war a snug berth that night."

The old captain was drawing at his pipe again and fast going off into a day-dream from which the off-islander hated to rouse him.

"I thought ye were a-gwine to tell the stranger about the 'Ev'line Treat'?" remarked Bowline, in rather a contemptuous tone.

"So I be," answered the old man, hastily, as though he were afraid of having been guilty of some rudeness. "So I be. The next morning at daybreak I war aroused by the tooting of Clark's horn and the word was passed 'round that a schooner was ashore off Miacomet Rip. Inside an hour the whole town was down on the South Shore.

"The vessel was a-lyin' about a hundred yards off shore. An awful sea was a-runnin' and the waves broke clean across her decks and had druv the crew of five men up into the rigging. We arterwards learned that the schooner had struck early in the night and that the crew were nearly dead from exposure.

"There warn't no life-saving crews in them days, but the Humane Society had an outfit in town which Aleck Dunham, Joe Hamblin and them fellers brought out with them. I can jes' see Joe Perry and Joe Hamblin a-pintin' and a-sightin' of that mortar now. The very fust shot carried the line right across the schooner's deck, and the crew soon had the hawser hauled on board and made fast to the mast-head, an' the sling seat or bo's'n's chair in position.

"There war one old man out in the rigging, who turned out to be the cap'n, and we could see the rest of the crew a-urgin' of him to go ashore fust. But the old man wouldn't risk it, so the mate he clum into the sling. In pulling him over the whipline snarled twict, and finally they had to throw him a line which he tied 'round his waist and then jumped into the surf, when all hands hauled him ashore half-drowned. While they war a-takin' him to town they got another man, one of the cap'n's sons, ashore.

"The two young men still left in the rigging was able to hold on for some time, but we could see that the old cap'n war mos' tuckered out, so Daniel Folger volunteered to go out in the life car and bring the old man ashore.

"But they couldn't make the car work, so there was nothing for the cap'n to do but get into the sling, which, arter a heap of pleadin' from his sons, the old man did. When the young men had tied him secure like to the seat, we began hauling him in slowly. About half-way over the whipline got tangled again. Work as



hard as we might, both we on shore and them two in the rigging, we couldn't start that line.

"I tell'e, young feller, it war a heart-breakin' sight to see that old man, his gray hair—he was as gray as I be now—a-flyin' in the wind and his bare feet a-plungin' into the surf as the hawser tautened and slacked with the play of the vessel. For an hour and a half the old cap'n swung there with the spray a-flyin' over him all the time, and we couldn't start that damned whip-line.

"Women was a-cryin' and men a-cussin', and the cap'n's boy that had landed was about ready to jump into the surf and try and swim out and save his old man, when a young man in the crowd, Jim Ramsdell was his name—p'r'aps you've heard tell on him? No? Well, you ought to hev anyway, for if ever there war a hero on Nantucket it war Jim Ramsdell that day.

"As I was a-sayin', Jim Ramsdell, who was a powerful built young feller, tied a light rope around his waist and with a knife between his teeth, clum out on that hawser, hand over hand, one minute high up in the air, the next down slap into that b'ilin' surf, until he got to the old man.

"It would have been a brave enough act to have cut the line and let us on shore haul the old man in, but there war still two lives out in the rigging, and Jim was for saving them, too. So he hung on there, the Lord only knows how, until he had cut the whipline, and tying the ends, let it drop into the water, and then made the line he'd carried out fast to the seat and then clum back to shore, hand over hand, just as easy as a circus man. By the time he'd got ashore, we had pulled the old cap'n in. What a shout went up then! My! but you could a-heard it to Tuckernuck.

"The other men? Oh, they was landed very easy.

"Jim he war given a fine silver medal. It orter been gold. But it were the highest honor the Humane Society give then. If you ever go out to Californy, Jim'll show you that medal sho'." MAX WAGNER.

#### MRS. THOMAS L. JAMES.

THIS estimable lady, wife of ex-Postmaster-General James, died of pneumonia after ten days' illness at the Murray Hill Hotel in this city. She was a daughter of the late Robert Francis Freeburn of Herkimer, N. Y., where she was born, educated and married. The most notable event in her life, and one of the saddest, was her presence at the moment of President Garfield's assassination by the unfortunate Guiteau. She was close by the martyred President and caught him in her arms as



THE LATE MRS. THOMAS L. JAMES.

he fell to the floor of the Washington Depot. The funeral of Mrs. James took place from the Church of the Heavenly Rest on Fifth Avenue, which was filled with genuine mourners, for the lady was widely loved and esteemed. The pallbearers were Warner Miller, William R. Grace, Alfred Van Santvoord, H. Walter Webb, M. C. Borden, A. J. Dittenhofer, David S. Hammond, Samuel Barton, James D. Layng and J. H. Browning. Mrs. Garfield, wife of the murdered President, was among those present at the hotel and church.

#### THE ROMANTIC ESCAPE OF SLATIN BEY.

THE adventurous and literally "hairbreadth" escape of Slatin Bey from the Soudan, where for eleven years he has been detained in captivity, would, along with his previous remarkable experiences as a soldier, furnish a Haggard or a Weyman with material for a thrilling romance. Slatin Bey is an Austrian by birth, about forty years old, and the hero of no less than twenty-seven battles fought with the Arabs. In 1879 General Gordon appointed him Inspector-General of the Eastern Soudan and Sennar, transferring him later to Darra as Sub-Nudir of that district, and subsequently appointing him Governor-General of Darfur. Revolt was rife in the province at that time, and Slatin was rarely out of the field. He waged fierce war on the Arabs and slew them by thousands, pursuing them even into the remote hills and valleys of Jebel Marra. He was often known to remain twenty-four hours in his saddle, without tasting food, and fighting all the time. During a campaign he would sleep on the bare ground like the native soldiers, and eat nothing but dhurra soaked in water. The fame of his exploits spread throughout the entire Soudan, and the Arabs regarded him as their most redoubtable foe. But though fierce in battle, Slatin was ever kind and generous to the poor and needy, and willing to assist the young or defenseless old people who appealed to him for aid. He was also just in his dealings even with his enemies.

Slatin Bey's persistent efforts to quell the rebellious

#### THIS MEANS BUSINESS.

On the principal lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway passenger trains are electric lighted, steam heated and protected by block signals. With these modern appliances, railway traveling at high speeds has reached a degree of safety heretofore unknown and not attainable on roads where they are not in use. Electric lights and steam heat make it possible to dispense with the oil lamp and the car stove. Block signals have reduced the chances for collisions to the minimum by maintaining an absolute interval of space between trains.

Arabs were kept up as long as his forces held out, but at the end of June, 1884, his supply of ammunition being reduced to five cartridges per soldier, the men refused to stand any longer, and Slatin had to surrender to the Mahdi, who compelled him to join the forces that were advancing to the siege of Khartoum. While there Slatin attempted to correspond with Gordon, and paid the penalty of being thrown into chains for ten months and made to suffer cruel tortures from hunger and ill treatment.

When the Mahdi died in 1885, his successor made Slatin a mulazim, or one of his body-guard, his duty being to stand guard at the door of the Khalifa's house. All his movements were strictly watched. Various attempts were made to secure his release by the Intelligence Department of the Egyptian War Office, but each time their purpose was frustrated by the vigilance of his detainers. Finally the Austrian Consul-General, assisted by the Intelligence Department and by Father Ohrwalder, the author of "Ten Years' Captivity," hit upon a plan by which Slatin might secure his liberty. Some Soudanese merchants who knew Slatin consented to act as intermediaries. When the arrangements had been perfected, a man knelt down beside Slatin in the mosque, where he was attending the Khalifa at prayers, and whispered to him in a few words the news of the attempt to be made, and gave him directions. The same night, February 20 last, Slatin stole away to the appointed place where he was met by two Arab guides with camels. The party cautiously left the town and then rode for dear life, covering one hundred and twenty miles in twenty-four hours. The strength of the camels gave out, and while the guides went in search of fresh ones Slatin hid in the hills for six days. At the end of that time a fresh start was made. When they reached the Nile they found an old man waiting to relieve his guides. He had constructed an old plank boat by means of which the river was crossed. The camels were taken over by the guides, who tied water-skins under their heads and swam them across.

Meanwhile Slatin's escape had been detected by the Khalifa, who immediately sent out patrols in the direction of Berber and Dongola. Slatin was in constant danger of being overtaken by these, but, his guides be-

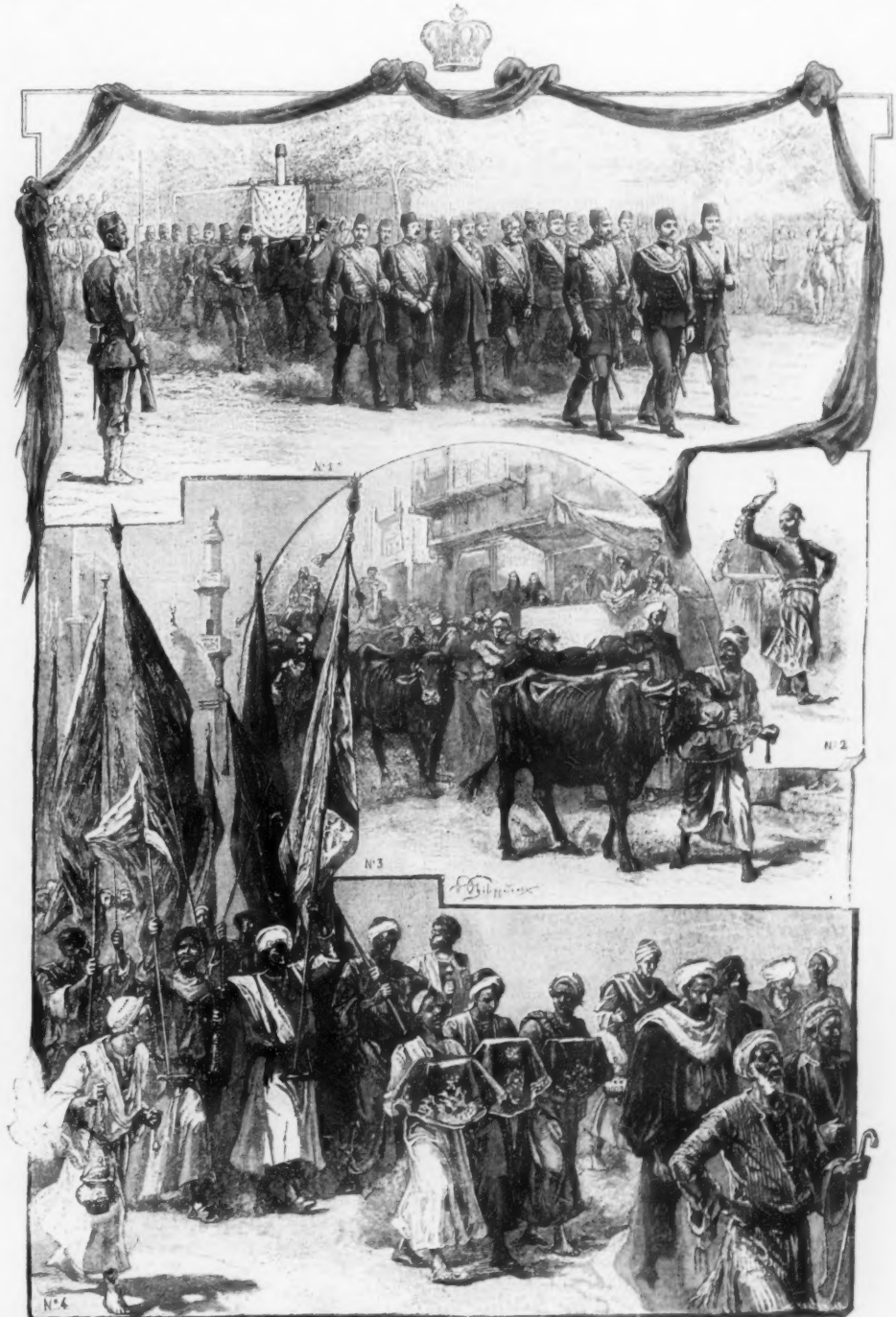
ing kept posted about the movements of their pursuers, contrived to evade them. Once, however, a body of dervish troops, on their way from Berber to Abou Hamed, narrowly missed discovering the fugitive. He was fortunately warned of their approach and fled from the straw hut his guides had built, and in which he was in the act of cooking a sheep over a fire. He made for the hills, and having rolled some large stones into position, kept this retreat until the danger was past. The dervishes entered his hut and ate the mutton, thus depriving him of the only animal food he had been able to secure since his departure. On another occasion Slatin, while hiding in the hills, was discovered by a strange man, who, on seeing him, ran away as if for help. Slatin gave up everything as lost; but, to his relief, the guides pursued the intruder, and having captured him, found he was a relation of one of their number from whom no danger was to be apprehended.

For twelve days the fugitive and his faithful guides journeyed across the great Nubian desert, reaching Assuan by a circuitous route. The same day Slatin started for Cairo, arriving there within one day of the month after he had left Omdurman.

He is the hero of the hour in society at Cairo. The Khedive has given him audience and raised him to the rank of Pasha. In spite of all the hardships he has undergone, Slatin is in good health, but his skin is so tanned he looks more like an Arab than an Austrian. He left a letter to the Khalifa informing him that none of the other Europeans in Omdurman knew anything of his escape and prayed him not to punish them.

#### EX-KHEDIVE ISMAIL PASHA'S FUNERAL.

THE recent funeral of ex-Khedive Ismail Pasha of Egypt at Cairo was marked by many curious observances. The official pomp was imposing, and the great groups of officers in dazzling uniform, following the coffin, which was borne on the shoulders of high dignitaries, contrasted strangely with the throngs of Orientals in flowing robes. In the procession marched the "prayer-sayers," the children carrying Korans on silken cushions, and the water buffaloes destined to be sacrificed after the funeral, and distributed to the poor.



THE FUNERAL OF EX-KHEDIVE ISMAIL PASHA AT CAIRO.

## THE BEST MATCH IN TOWN.

A NOVEL,

BY EDGAR LAWRETT.

Author of "A New York Family," "An Ambitious Woman,"  
"A Gentleman of Leisure," "The House at High Bridge,"  
"The Best that Men Do," etc., etc.

### IX.

AFTER all, the "advice" of her aunt, strangely impassioned for one of her years, did not strike Cornelia as differing very materially from her own intended plans. It all came to this: she was to get herself asked, as soon as possible, to Highwood, and then steadily, discreetly, inflexibly watch. Her aunt counselled no real duplicity, and Cornelia, on her own side, designed none. To gather important facts, however, and be possessed of them against the return of Spottiswoode, was precisely the course that she had thought of taking. Still, as the monologue of Mrs. Dominick proceeded, she perceived new shrewdness in its admonitions.

"Remember, Cornelia, that from now until Gerard returns, Dorothea will be in the absurdly difficult position of one who wants to eat his cake and have it. I have always felt that she is marrying my nephew for none but the most cold-blooded reasons. This Mr. Strangford represents to her a little term of holiday relaxation. She will not play the ostrich; she is far too clever to hide her head in the sand and leave her body visible. She will behave with magnificent frankness; she will be superbly ingenuous. All the more reason, my child, that when she is seemingly most careless you should be most observant. In this way you will gradually arm yourself with proofs. Not proofs, I mean, which you can reveal to Gerard when he comes back, but those which he will be sure to ask you for, naturally turning to you as a witness of imprudences, indiscretions."

Cornelia studied, for an instant, the delicate and perturbed face bent above her own.

"Why, aunt, he will think it so probable that Adam Strangford should stay all summer there at the Ramsdell homestead with his invalid and sorrowing uncle!"

Mrs. Dominick gave one or two quick nods. "I shall see him; I shall drop a hint or two; I know his expectations, his requisitions of decorum in the woman he intends to make his wife."

"But they can answer—"

"Oh, yes—that he's a dutiful nephew, and all that. Recollect, you've told me of this young man before. I recall how the Rathburnes took him up, how he's the editor of a radical, irreligious publication that I would pounce on with the tongs and put in the fire if I saw it lying anywhere in my own house—and how he openly boasts that his father was an obscure bookseller, in Harlem, or somewhere like that. He struggled and starved himself to win his way through college, did he? Well, then, if this is true, where, all that time, was the uncle for whom he now pretends such affection?"

Here Mrs. Dominick threw back her head, laughing faintly, and with notes of a most unhabitual scorn.

"Oh, for that matter, aunt, the Ramsdells, in those days, were hundreds of miles away. He had a South American consulate somewhere, and Adam Strangford's father and brother had died when he returned."

"My dear! There are such things as mail-bags and letters."

"True. . . And you think, then, that Adam Strangford would never pass his summer so near Highwood except for Dorothea? Upon my word," Cornelia went on, with a give-the-devil-his-due kind of air, "I have my doubts as to that."

"Tut, tut, Cornelia. Doubt that the sun shines."

"How you hate Dorothea!" the girl murmured, after a little pause.

"I don't hate her." And Mrs. Dominick pressed her lips against Cornelia's forehead. "But I love you—and so, dear, it all comes, I suppose, to one and the same thing."

But destiny has many devious caprices. It is like a winding river, of which one can never tell past what shoals or through what forestry it will flow. Cornelia's summons to Highwood came, in early June, though not without a clever hint from her by letter that she would enjoy receiving it. But scarcely had she arrived there when the need for vigilance completely vanished. Accident, by one of those decisive twists which are not unlike the hysteria of tornadoes, changed the whole complexion of events.

The house was full of visitors when Cornelia reached it. The weather had grown oppressively hot; that evening in the big dining-room ladies were fanning themselves with vigor, and gentlemen surreptitiously mopping their faces. But all through the summer, while its proprietors dwelt there, matters went on very much the same. Though the dog-star raged ever so fiercely, faultless dinners were served to a throng of masters; the champagne was impeccably iced; the drilled servants moved velvet-footed from chair to chair. . . "How does Bertha Rathburne do it?" had again and again been asked. And once the answer had come from some one more keenly observant than others of the whole Highwood ménage: "She doesn't do it at all; she leaves it to her husband, and he, in turn, has a positive genius for securing good housekeepers and care-takers. There, my friend, lies the whole secret of this lavish, easy-going, yet patrician home."

Cornelia, just now, thought it far from patrician. She secretly sneered at half the assembled company. A good deal of the savagery in her aunt's comments to Spottiswoode on the social life of the Rathburnes had been gathered from her niece's contemptuous aspersions. This young lady now looked about her and felt that she had been brought into contact with certain people whom she would hardly deign to notice in the world outside these walls. She had never lacked admirers of either sex; her grace, tact and beauty had won her both kinds. But she was not popular, and disdained the idea of being so. She longed, now, to curl her lips in a sort of smiling sneer, as she sat between two men, one of whom she thought almost criminally a

bore and the other of whom she held in august distaste because he had shown himself too obvious a struggler. The man who bored her had thrice her brains and ten times her education, and for that matter she was herself far from being either stupid or unlettered. And the struggler, a very sensible and personable fellow, had two most flagrant faults: he was poor, in the first place, and in the second he was humble. Poverty and humility are together a deadly drawback in fashionable life. It is only the millionaire who can afford to show New York society that he is eager for its favors and gifts. Then he is always called "so amiable." Of the gentlemanlike pauper it is always said: "How hard he tries to get in and get on!"

But Cornelia did not dare to deport herself with arrogance. It was one thing to despise the democracy of the Rathburnes; it was another to challenge their disapproval. They were such powers that they could know whom they pleased, entertain whom they pleased, and for at least a time those on whom they hospitably smiled were in a manner raised and rarefied. Besides, there was her little mission as a watcher; she must not forget that; it had not yet become even faintly operative. Adam Strangford was not here among the diners, but very possibly he would present himself later in the evening.

And he did. Everybody went out upon the piazza, after dinner. The men smoked and sipped coffee; the women sipped coffee, and two or three of them puffed at cigarettes. Iced drinks were soon passed about in the sultry gloom by noiseless footmen. It was all the essence of luxurious ease, but it did not surprise Cornelia; it was "the Rathburnes' way of doing things"; she had been accustomed to it for such an age, now.

There was no visible moon, but the sky, clothed as if with silver fur, made the great trees of the lawn seem etched upon it in feathery and phantasmal masses. The air was stagnance itself; down in the valley gleamed the village lights, like a cluster of fallen stars.

"Have you heard from Gerard lately, my dear Dorothea?" asked Cornelia.

The question made its hearer give an almost painful start. This was just what Cornelia had supposed it would do. She had calculated upon working disarray by the gentle abruptness of her attack.

All round the two girls a babble of talk was reigning. Dorothea lay back in a great wicker chair. Her white gown gave her a sylph-like look in the moonlight; it was cut in the simplest way, and she did not wear a single jewel. Cornelia, on the other hand, looked all Parisian modishness, and had a little diamond dagger nestling just below the lace at her breast.

"Gerard?" returned Dorothea, all neat composure in a minute. "Oh, yes, I had a letter from him only three or four days ago. Lord Meadowmere's wedding was about to occur. He said the weather in London had been phenomenally fine. He'd drifted in with a lot of pleasant people—one or two or three Royalties, I think he said, and a dozen or so of Americans. . . It was quite a long and interesting letter. I'll show it to you to-morrow, Cornelia, if you're good enough to remind me."

"Thanks. . . But love-letters are not usually shown, like that, are they?"

"Love-letters! Bless me!" And Dorothea began softly to wave a large fan of white curled feathers. "Gerard wouldn't dream of committing himself so recklessly."

"Committing himself? My dear Dorothea! You, his future wife, surely can't mean what you say!"

Dorothea slowly lifted herself into a posture less recumbent. The seriousness in Cornelia's tones brimmed for her with intentional spite. She had been taken literally by an associate who had long ago learned the playful duplicities of their common class and time, and who had constantly dealt in them herself.

"Oh," shot her reply, "since you treat my joke with such gravity, Gerard's letter isn't for anybody's inspection except his own."

"That is," purred her listener, "it's too lover-like?"

"Yes—quite."

"I thought so—I thought so. Then you were joking, after all?"

Dorothea gave her head a faint toss. "Oh, come, now, Cornelia, you know very well that if Gerard wrote me any kind of a letter it could only be lover-like."

"Why, of course, naturally. . . You seem a little irritable, however, I must say. Has the hot weather put you out of temper?"

"N—no."

Cornelia stayed silent for a few seconds. "Or, perhaps it's the trial," she let her veiled envy venture, "of being separated so cruelly from your sweetheart."

In the dusk Dorothea's eyes inspected the speaker, and with much boldness. "The ordeal isn't beyond my endurance. Otherwise I shouldn't have faced it."

"No? Really?"

"No, and really. Gerard would have remained if I had wished it."

"Yes?"

"Decidedly yes."

"I thought, from what I have known of him, that he was always very fond of having his own way."

"He is. But . . . so am I."

"Ah," laughed Cornelia, gelidly, "does that mean you had no desire to detain him?"

"Against his will? It would be cruel."

"But his will and yours are supposedly one."

"Quite right. I sympathized with him in his wish to be best man to his cousin, Lord Meadowmere."

"Oh, I see; it was pride against love, and pride conquered. Is that because pride was the stronger of the two?"

Dorothea knew that Cornelia had long ago guessed her secret—that of indifference to Spottiswoode. But her nerves were not just now of the calmest, and it did not precisely enchant her to feel that her interlocutress was watching a chance to spring upon her. It was in the air that Cornelia meant to do this, provided she herself should vent any expression of real tenderness for the absent one. And this attitude in Cornelia made the blood of her watcher tingle with wrath. It was not merely that she believed the girl had come hither to bend upon her a very close gaze, but it was the realization, the recognition that she would probably have given this visitor some excellent material for earnest scrutiny before her sojourn at Highwood had ceased.

"You're a rather queer way of putting things, my dear Cornelia," she now said, with tart sedateness.

"I trust you don't mean an uncivil way?"

"I mean a . . . personal way."

"My surmise was not a wrong one, Dorothea. You are a bit out of temper."

"No more than I usually am—under provocation."

"Under provocation! Why, Dorothea, have I given you any? One can always account for fatigued nerves; the weather—a cup of strongish tea—can so easily explain those. But it's different with . . ."

"Well, Cornelia?"

"—With a guilty conscience, my dear, with a guilty conscience."

After a slight silence, during which she leaned forward as if clearer to scan the other's face in that deceptive twilight, Dorothea murmured:

"You simply amaze me. Are you trying to be rude, or obtuse, or both?"

"I'm trying, as you phrase it, to be explicit."

"By saddling me with a guilty conscience?"

"Oh, my dear Dorothea! How can you help having one? You must know that he would never have gone if you'd shown him that you wanted him to stay. And now that he has gone, do you think people are not asking themselves why you let him go?"

"People," muttered Dorothea, gnawing her under lip in the dimness, "are always inventing venomous things to growl behind one's back. Pray, to what special slander do you refer?"

In the bitterness of her heart-burning Cornelia now perceived that she had gone too far. This was not her policy of adroit ambuscaded slyness—this was not the reticent self-effacement which her aunt, however fanatically, would have counseled.

"It's well for you to speak of rudeness," she said, recoiling a little from Dorothea's two steady stars of eyes.

"Ah, don't hedge, Cornelia! See; if you want to wear the white feather, I'll give you one out of my fan."

Angered to her finger-tips, Cornelia struck back: "Your fan is very pretty. I wouldn't have you spoil it for the world. Did he give it to you as a farewell token? An emblem of your unsoiled constancy?"

"Yes. And what would you say if I told you I was tempted to ask him to send you one of another color? Green, that is—an emblem of jealousy."

"Ah," cried Cornelia, though in smothered voice, "you would not have dared to hint it. You're quite too much on your good behavior with him, always, before his face. It is only behind his back that you dare to treat him with disrespect."

"Disrespect? How do I do it? I dare you to tell me."

Cornelia rose; she was trembling with anger. "You dare a great deal. When he comes back and finds that you've an old lover living here within almost a stone-throw of Highwood, he'll show you, perhaps, that there's such a thing as daring too much."

Dorothea rose, too, at this, and slipped so near her accuser that the folds of their garments intermingled. Cornelia could see plainly how white her face had grown.

"Why did you come here?" she asked. "You need not have come. You almost invited yourself; you just contrived, and no more, that it should be our invitation, not your own. . . I'll tell you why you came: To play the spy on me. It's open war, now; you've made it so. You're consumed with jealous hate of me. You haven't the decency to accept your defeat. It was a perfectly fair battle; I won in it. If you'd won and I'd lost, you'd not have found me stooping to such tricky tactics."

Neither girl had raised her voice at all unduly. The other voices were trippingly active, behind them and at either side. Two or three gentlemen, seeing that they had risen, came forward and joined them.

"Were you going for a stroll such a tropical evening, young ladies?" asked one.

"Oh, no, I was not," said Cornelia.

Then fate gave her a vengeful dagger to use, and she used it. A figure was coming up along one of the front paths, and this figure in a trice she had recognized.

"I was not going for a stroll," she repeated, "but here is Mr. Adam Strangford, who possibly may have come to take one with Miss Rathburne."

As a mere retaliatory stroke it was tremendous. For a moment Dorothea stood quite still, feeling as if her blood had turned ice. Then, with a light movement of one hand, she said, in the suavest tone:

"Oh, is it Mr. Strangford, really? I've something to say to him before he shakes hands with mamma and papa."

And she glided down the steps of the piazza, meeting the newcomer there on the lawn, in full view of everybody who cared to look.

They stood together, talking for a little time. Then they moved onward, side by side, and were soon lost in the dreary foliage of the tranquil trees.

(Continued next week.)

First Pater—"Loaded down as usual?"

Second Pater—"Yes; it's piano music for my daughter."

First Pater—"Apparently she gets it by the ton."

Second Pater (wearily)—"Yes, but she delivers it by the pound."

He—"Well, I must be off. Going to the station to meet my wife's eldest sister."

She—"But she can find her way to your house?"

He—"She can. But if I meet her in public I won't have to kiss her."

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

As old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



# American Comic Journalism

BY T. B. CONNERY.  
(Copyrighted by the author.)  
No. 12.

was a four-paged weekly paper, its pages about the size of those of the New York Herald of to-day. It was started, I think, in 1851 by Judge Charles of Hoboken, and Mr. James Barton, both Englishmen. The only copy I have been able to unearth is that of June 5, 1852, the first page of which was as follows:

## NEW YORK REVEILLE.

VOL. II. NO. 57. NEW YORK, FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1852. TWO CENTS.

**THE BROADWAY BLOW-UP.**



**THE SPYING.**  
SPOOT, PLOOT, MIOOT, CHIOOT, &c.



**THE H. S. S. S.**



**PT. 102.**



**COL. RR. CO.**



**THE BROADWAY BLOW-UP.**



**THE SPYING.**  
SPOOT, PLOOT, MIOOT, CHIOOT, &c.



**THE H. S. S. S.**



**PT. 102.**



**COL. RR. CO.**



**THE BROADWAY BLOW-UP.**



**THE SPYING.**  
SPOOT, PLOOT, MIOOT, CHIOOT, &c.



**THE H. S. S. S.**



**PT. 102.**



**COL. RR. CO.**



Its chief feature was illustrated burlesque stories of the cast of "Jonathan Old-buck" and "Adventures in a Balloon," marked by a good deal of the extravagance and rich imagination of Jules Verne's wonderful fictions. These stories were afterward issued in pamphlet form.

The *Reveille* was also much given to pictorial rebuses, which were then so popular that the publishers turned out a rebus number filled entirely with original puzzles of that character. Sam Hammet, a South Street flour merchant, edited the rebus department. Among the contributors were Tom Smith, afterward of the firm of Street & Smith, of the *New York Weekly*; James Dixon and S. P. Avery. The last mentioned had charge of the wood-cut engravings, and later on became the prosperous and critical art dealer and collector. James Dixon was a native of Keswick in England, and was engaged downtown somewhere in the soda water business. He used to tell with delight of his meetings with Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey in his native Keswick. When he retired from the *Reveille* and from soda dispensing he amused himself for many years writing gossip letters about New York happenings to a little country paper in Pennsylvania whose editor was his personal friend. As compensation for these weekly letters an annual turkey was sent to him at Christmas-time by his friend the editor. The turkey was always the finest and biggest procurable within the editor's editorial boundaries.

Of Judge Charles and Mr. James Barton, the editors and publishers, I have learned very little except that the former was a *bon vivant* as fond of his glass and cigar as of good jokes, of which he had always a store on hand. On the discontinuance of the *Reveille*, Barton went to Washington where his daughter, a beautiful girl of the English type, married an *attaché* of one of the legations. The paper for a time was well liked, and during its career made a great hit by publishing, ahead of the whole American press, a picture of the yacht "America," victorious over all competitors in English waters. Charles & Barton found the picture in some numbers of London illustrated papers which happened to arrive on a Saturday. The editors caused reproductions to be made at once and issued an extra on Monday, which sold freely and brought the *Reveille* into extraordinary prominence for a time.

The *fac simile* of *Reveille's* front page necessarily reduces the size of the type so greatly that the articles will scarcely be legible to the ordinary eyesight. A few of the jokes as specimens of *Reveille's* comic department will therefore be acceptable. Here are a few:

### THE BEAR AND THE BAR.

A Hoosier went into the portico of the St. Louis Exchange, New Orleans, the other day, and addressing one of the loungers, who there chew the cud of the sweet and bitter fancies, said:

"Stranger, where's the bar?"

"Here it is," said the person addressed, pointing at the same time to the rotunda, where potations, pottle-deep, are dispensed to the thirsty.

The Hoosier passed in, and after looking about him for some time, went up to one of the barkeepers, saying:

"Where's the bar?"

"Here it is, sir," said the barkeeper.

"Why," said the Hoosier, "this ain't no bar; it ain't nothing but an overgrown groggery, done up with extra fixins' and gimcracks. I mean the grizzly critter from the Rocky Mountain, that the papers say is a showin' somewhere in these diggins'. I want to see if he is much bigger than the bar that Nick Nolton licked at the back of father's clearin'; 'cause if he ain't, I don't know but I'd take it with him rough and tumble, for a time, myself."

"Oh, I understand," said the barkeeper: "when you speak of the bar you mean the bear. Now when you go out in the street, turn to your right and you'll find him, and when you do find the bear, bear him my compliments and tell him that if he's Bruin the Bear, I'm brewin' the Punch."

### ANOTHER.

In the presence of a fair friend of ours, Mrs. Partington, inquired if there was any record of the posterity of natural history, for as far back as Anno Domini.

### WHERE DID THIS COME FROM?

"John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailor?"

"A man who makes nails," said John.

"Very good. What is a tailor?"

"One who makes tails."

"O, you stupid fellow," said the dominie, biting his lips. "A man who makes tails!"

"Yes, master," returned John, "if the tailor did not put tails to the coat he made, they would all be jackets!"

### A BE-NIGHTED MAN.

The man who don't take the *Reveille* wants to know if General Scott ain't the man who wrote the "Waverley Novels."

### POLITICAL ANECDOTES.

The neat, compact, patriotic State of Delaware everybody knows is so small in dimensions that it seems like one farm of good culture. For years since, when Mr. Southard was in the Senate, at the close of a very long and tedious session of Congress, Mr. Clayton invited the Senator from New Jersey to rest himself, on his homeward route, by a brief sojourn in Delaware. "No," said Mr. Southard, "I am very tired, and when I stop, I want to go to sleep in a State large enough to turn over in!"

### BOOKKEEPING ON A NEW PLAN.

A very lazy bookkeeper downtown is advertising for a subscription, to erect a foundry to cast (up) accounts.

### A DOUBLE ANSWER.

Our fair friend Miss Selina S. has sent us the following conundrum:

What color is grass when snow covers it?

A.—Invisible green.

We rather think it was no color (was snow color).

### TOUGH STEAKS.

An invincible wit and punster asked the captain of a craft loaded with boards, how he managed to get dinner on the passage.

"Why," replied the skipper, "we always cook aboard."

"Cook a board, do you?" rejoined the wag; "then I see you have been well provided with provisions this trip, at all events."

### THE LOST FOUND.

I met my friend Gibbs sometime ago (I think it was on the first of April) who, after saluting me, asked me if I had heard the news. "News," says I, "what news?" "Why, they have found Doctor Franklin," observed he. "Where?" "I asked, in great surprise. "Why," he says, in his slow way, "they found him cutting down the North Pole for a fishing rod." I began to feel pale and looked sick, so he left immediately.

### PRETTY FAIR.

S. S. would like to see the wrench that caused the "turn pike" on the old Boston road; also, whether the "pike" is of wrought iron.

The following extract from *Reveille*, giving some specimens of comic advertising, should prove acceptable:

### Another sets out—

### DOWN WITH THE PRICES, TILL THEY GO—LOWER & LOWER.

Then in another part of our Centreville rival, we have a thundering big lion "jumping into" a Rhinoceros, with his tail sticking in the air like a great skewer. Three cheers for the advertisers of Centreville!

We must give one more

### Clear the Track!



THE CARS ARE ARRIVING DAILY!

COMPLETELY LOADED DOWN with goods for CLINKUM & CO., who are opening and offering them to the public at remarkably low rates. We have received, firmly and unalterably, to

dis- tentionance high prices altogether, and shall knock them into a cocked

at once. As regards Y, difficulty &

general X collapse, our stock is a little ahead of anything ever yet offered west of the lakes, and was selected with direct reference to the wants of this community.

For the Ladies

(Continued next week.)

## THE GEORGIA HUSSARS.

**T**HE Georgia Hussars of Savannah are the oldest cavalry company in the State from which they take their name, and probably date as far back as any organization of the same branch of service in the United States.

In February, 1736, shortly after the settlement of Savannah, General Oglethorpe organized a company of "Rangers" and appointed Noble Jones captain. His son succeeded to the command, but no further mention is made of any cavalry organization until 1751, when one of the first enactments of the colony of Georgia provided that all men owning three hundred acres of land and upward should perform cavalry duty.

During the siege of Savannah in 1781 the British were opposed by an independent troop of horse under Captain Bilbo, who was mortally wounded in the fight just previous to the taking of the city. This company was revived shortly after the Revolution as the "Chatham Light Dragoons," with John Berrien for captain. The year following its formation General Nathaniel Green, of Revolutionary fame, died and was buried in Savannah. The Dragoons took part in the funeral obsequies and this was probably the first parade of any importance in which they joined. At the death of Captain Berrien, Ambrose Gordon was chosen as his successor, in pursuance of the custom which has almost always prevailed of electing for a commander one who has seen active service. Captain Gordon had served with distinction throughout the Revolution as an officer in the cavalry regiment of Colonel William Washington, and was eminently qualified to take charge of a company still in its infancy. Parades and banquets seem to have been the chief duties of the troop at that early day.

Some of the toasts responded to at the latter are worth reproducing. In the year 1800 we find among the lists of toasts: "Fourth of July, 1776—The Glorious Era of American Freedom."



GEORGIA HUSSARS' ARMORY AND CLUB-ROOMS,  
SAVANNAH, GA.

"The President of the United States. May he like a skillful pilot conduct us safely through the troubled oceans of controversy that surround us."

"The People. May they possess wisdom to discern their rights, virtue to deserve and courage to defend them."

"Unanimity at home and contempt for foreign influence and foreign vices."

Very little is known concerning the Dragoons from the death of Ambrose Gordon in 1804 until the breaking out of the War of 1812. During that war they formed part of a battalion, the other company being the "Chatham Hussars" under Lieutenant James W. Wayne, af-

terward Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. These two commands consolidated a few years later as the Georgia Hussars with J. McP. Berrien for the first captain. From this time until 1861 their existence seems to have been an uneventful one, but their prosperity is testified to by the appearance in the list of commanders of such names as Benjamin E. Stiles,



COLONEL W. W. GORDON,  
Formerly Captain of Georgia Hussars.

W. Law, W. W. Gordon, P. M. Kollock, J. R. Saussy, C. A. L. Lamar and J. P. W. Read, all of whom were prominent throughout the State as well as in the city of Savannah.

When war between the States was declared the Hussars tendered their services to the President of the Confederacy, agreeing to equip themselves and report in Richmond free of cost to the Government, an offer equivalent to about twenty-five thousand dollars. The offer was accepted and the Hussars served all through the Virginia campaigns in the Sixth Virginia and the Jeff Davis Legion. They distinguished themselves for their gallantry in many engagements, more particularly at Brandy Station, Frederic City and Upperville.

As soon as possible after the war the company was reorganized with Colonel Waring in command. The annual exercises consisted at that time of a parade upon General Lee's birthday, and a picnic with target practice on the 1st of May. The picnics took place at some popular suburb, and were always looked forward to with pleasure by young and old alike. "The Hermitage," that typical ante-bellum plantation, presented a gay appearance on the occasion of the Hussars' visitation. Dancing and dinner took place on the platform under the moss-covered live-oaks, and the perfume of the flowers, with the merry laughter and bright uniforms, produced a charm seldom experienced in those hard years of struggle immediately following the bitter defeat.

At the death of Colonel Waring, General Robert H. Anderson, a graduate of West Point and Major-General of the Confederate Army, was chosen to succeed him. When General Anderson resigned in 1880, W. W. Gordon was elected to the captaincy. The next ten years were, with the exception of war service, the most event-

ful of the company's history. The uniform was changed from one of gray trimmed with gold to that which is now worn. The roll of active members showed more names than ever before, and on the occasion of the Chatham Artillery Centennial in 1886 the Hussars turned out ninety-six strong, a record never surpassed.

The real test of the usefulness of such a troop came in 1882. For a number of weeks previous to October the negroes had been restless and discontented, and this bad feeling finally culminated in a strike by the longshoremen. Most of the blacks in the city stopped work and arrayed themselves against the white population. Several small skirmishes occurred, but the climax came when the officers attempted to protect imported workmen on their arrival in Savannah. A fight took place at the Central Railroad Depot, at which a policeman, several of the new arrivals and a number of strikers were killed. At the first intimation of trouble the Hussars offered their services as special policemen, and throughout the strike took their turn at patrolling the streets just as did the regular guardians of the peace.

The most effective work done, however, was the charge made on several thousand negroes who had refused to disperse at the command of the police and, disregarding the volleys from the pistols of the latter, were driving them slowly back by sheer weight of numbers. A detachment of the Hussars was stationed about a mile away to protect a train load of laborers against an expected attack, but at the sound of the fusillade they started for the scene of the trouble at a gallop. They were armed with long double-action .45 calibre revolvers, which carried as far as the ordinary carbine and were a very different weapon from the little pop-gun affairs which were worn at that time by the police. The orders given to the Hussars seemed rather extraordinary to militiamen, but the results amply justified the wisdom of issuing them. The men were informed that they would ride through the crowd at a "charge" with pistols drawn. "The officers have orders," said the captain, "to shoot down any man who discharges his pistol before the order to fire is given. Any man who fails to shoot when the order is given will be dealt with in the same manner."

There was no necessity to fire. When the crowd saw the horsemen bearing down on them at full speed, they scattered like chaff, and the backbone of the strike was broken by a charge in which not a single shot was fired. Had the orders quoted above never been given, some hot-head might have precipitated a conflict resulting in much useless bloodshed; but knowing that those orders would be carried out to the letter, each trooper kept himself under strict restraint, and the object of the charge was accomplished in the most effectual, expeditious and bloodless manner.

When the inhabitants of Jesup, Ga., were fearful of



SERGEANT W. W. OWENS,  
Mrs. Cleveland's escort to Felfair Academy.

an uprising on Christmas Day, 1889, the Hussars were the troop called upon by the Governor, and though greatly handicapped by being refused permission to place the town under martial law, the promptness of their response to the call for aid, and their resolute bearing, showed a readiness to face the anticipated danger which won them general commendation. One incident in connection with the so-called Jesup riot is worth repeating.

When it became generally known that a clash between the whites and blacks had occurred, the colonel of the regiment of colored troops offered to order his soldiers to Jesup to aid in restoring lawful authority. The offer was declined, but the spirit which prompted it shows the relations existing between the better class of negroes and those who are, for the most part, their employers.

By means of a bazaar the Hussars were enabled to raise sufficient funds to purchase the De Renne mansion, which now serves them as a club-house and armory. Shortly after this, in 1890, Captain Gordon resigned to accept the command of the Fifth Georgia Cavalry, now the First.

For two years G. B. Pritchard held command and then resigned in favor of Beirne Gordon, the present captain. The Hussars owe much of their present prosperity to the instructions and suggestions of Lieutenant C. B. Satterlee, Third Artillery U. S. A., acting as Assistant Adjutant-General of the State. His interest and the efforts of the captain have equipped them more fully and drilled them more thoroughly than at any time in their previous history. Thanks to Lieutenant Satterlee's tireless energy, all the militia of Georgia have been lifted to a high plane of efficiency. He has brought system out of a condition of affairs where chaos reigned supreme, and has welded into a compact and effective whole the fragments of regiments and companies existing in various parts of the State. All this has been accomplished in the face of discouragingly small appro-



"BIG SIX," OR SQUAD OF GEORGIA HUSSARS WHO TOOK A BASKET OF CAMELLIAS TO MRS. CLEVELAND, WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 4, 1893.





CAPT. BEIRNE GORDON,  
Present Commander of Georgia Hussars.

priations, which were reduced ten thousand dollars by the Legislature this year. But Lieutenant Satterlee has trusted, not without reason, to the military spirit of the Southern people, and under his cheerful encouragement and tactful management the National Guard of the State of Georgia will continue, like the rest of the Union, to flourish in spite of legislative vagaries.

The event which recently brought the members most closely together in friendship and pride for their company was a trip to Washington. President and Mrs. Cleveland's visit to Savannah during Mr. Cleveland's first term had evoked a peculiar enthusiasm in the hearts of the Hussars from the fact that Mrs. Cleveland was very outspoken in her admiration at the appearance of the troop, when acting as escort to the Presidential party, and the eagerness to participate in the last inaugural parade is directly traceable to her complimentary speeches five years before. The obstacles to the successful realization of the plan were many. Horses had to be procured, funds solicited, uniforms provided and many minor details of transportation decided upon. By means of generous contributions from leading citizens and the unflagging zeal of the captain and his officers arrangements were completed, and on the 1st of March forty-eight men formed in front of the armory and marched to the depot with the complimentary escort of the Savannah Cadets.

With the exception of sixteen horses brought from Savannah, all the mounts were perfectly strange, the horses having been previously bargained for by letter, and they presented a motley appearance when formed in the stable for inspection. Dray-horses, street-car horses, farmers' nags and mustangs had all been pressed into service to complete the number stipulated in the contract, and those troopers who had brought their own horses felt justly elated at their foresight. Fitting the trappings to the various animals was a sore trial to the patience of the men and was the first of the many petty annoyances of the day. Those to whom enormous dray-horses had been assigned found it impossible to buckle headstall or curb-chain, while those whose misfortune brought them mustangs felt disgusted at the mean appearance caused by breast-straps and bridles much too large for their minute charges. By constant use of the leather punch and judicious swapping, every one was finally mounted, and a wise distribution of horses concealed all defects. The roll-call showed fifty men rank and file. Four of these were war veterans who had braved the Northern winter to do honor to a Democratic President and the command they loved.

For seven hours the Hussars were in saddle, but the time was utilized to familiarize the horses with the execution of the various orders, so that the actual parade passed off without incidents which, while amusing at the time, would have been most disagreeable had they occurred while the troop was passing the reviewing stand. During the march before the parade one of the troopers, who had a very lazy horse, found himself in the midst of the last set of fours, although his proper place was near the head of the second platoon.

One of the officers, after ordering him to "close up" several times, shouted back, "Private G—, why don't you come forward to where you belong?" Whereupon Private G—, goaded to desperation, dug spurs into his horse with all his might, and the lazy brute, instead of cantering gayly forward, quietly reached around and bit the leg which was applying the spur so vigorously. In the early part of the day, before the horses understood what was required of them, confusion reigned to such an extent that it seemed as if the only order suitable to bringing the files into proper alignment was that

given by a brigade commander to his broken and tangled troops at the second battle of Manassas—namely, "Georgians, sort yourselves!"

An aid at last arrived to pilot the Hussars to their position on the line of march. What need to dwell on the appearance they made, as with overcoats thrown over pommels they rode down Pennsylvania Avenue, their white plumes floating to the breeze, and the double row of silver buttons on dark blue coats flashing back to the sun a lustre which the snow, in all its dazzling whiteness, could not rival? Let the applause which greeted them along the entire length of the line attest the admiration their display created.

In addition to the weekly drills, where very thorough instruction is given in the various parts of the Regulations, the present exercises include mounted parades on the birthdays of Generals Washington and Lee, pistol and carbine contests and "tilting" at the head and ring.

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

sang Virgil, and there are still many to whom no music sounds so sweet as this rhythmic beat of horses' hoofs. These enthusiasts complain that cavalry is degenerating into mounted infantry, that tilting is giving place to shooting, and that in the near future the inspiring dash down the track will be supplanted by the careful steady work of the rifle range.

It is undoubtedly true that the introduction of long-range guns has enhanced the importance of accurate shooting, and that any military which wishes to keep up to date must practice faithfully in this department or, when the real test comes, rest content to be held at arm's-length and be beaten before it gets close enough to show its mettle. Realizing this fact, the Hussars have perfected themselves in shooting, so that their rifle teams now are as famous as their tilting teams were several years ago. Only last summer a team composed mostly of Hussars went to Sea Girt, N. J., and took part in the inter-State contest against some of the best shots in the country.

Though unsuccessful, they made a creditable showing and determined if possible to retrieve their defeat. With this object in view, they invited General B. W. Spencer and a party of fine shots from New Jersey to visit Savannah on the 22d of February and share in the festivities of the occasion. The invitation was accepted, and through the courtesy of Mr. Wimberley J. De Renne, a direct descendant of the Noble Jones mentioned above as the friend of Oglethorpe, the Hussars and their guests



GEORGIA HUSSARS AWAITING THEIR TURN IN THE INAUGURAL PROCESSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 4, 1893.

were entertained with true Southern hospitality at Mr. De Renne's beautiful country home, "Wormsloe." Two ranges of two hundred and five hundred yards had been constructed, and the rifle contest between picked teams was held at these distances. The Hussars were victorious, Private F. C. Wilson making the top score—93 out of a possible 100. In spite of this inhospitable conduct on the part of the Hussars, the geniality of guests and hosts was productive of a good feeling which will result, it is hoped, in many future friendly contests between the marksmen of Georgia and New Jersey.

The last occasion of the Hussars' appearance in a military capacity was chiefly noteworthy for the promptness with which they, and all the rest of the Savannah militia, responded to the Mayor's call for troops. A lecturer undertook to deliver an address on the subject of the Roman Catholic religion, advertising that he would make some startling revelations. A number of young and ardent Catholics determined to break into the hall and put a stop to the lecture. Their efforts were resisted by the police, but the struggle soon developed into a riot beyond the power of the police to quell. The Mayor issued a call for troops, and in less than thirty minutes the Hussars and Savannah Volunteer Guards appeared upon the scene, closely followed by the companies of the First Regiment of Infantry, whose army was some distance further away than those of the Hussars and Guards. The streets were cleared, the lecturer was escorted to his hotel and the riot was at an end.

At the encampment of 1892 the Hussars qualified more marksmen than any company, cavalry or infantry, in the State. Their tilting and horsemanship have



CAPT. R. GORDON.

frequently elicited the commendation of the United States officers; their courage and efficiency in war and insurrection have been amply proven. Skillful in every department of military exercise, and rich in historic associations, the Hussars have been the inspiration leading to the formation of two organizations, whose names and records are well known to all familiar with the volunteer cavalry of this country—the Governor's Horse Guards of Atlanta, and the Essex Troop of Newark.

G. A. G.

#### A WEEK'S DEATH ROLL.

APRIL 18.—At Chicago, Dr. Wayne Wickersham, one of the oldest practitioners in the city. April 16.—At Atlanta, Ga., Colonel J. T. Waterman, private secretary to Speaker Crisp. At New Bedford, Mass., Charles B. H. Fessenden; at Washington, D. C., Charles H. Mansur, of Missouri, Deputy Controller of the Treasury; at Boston, Leverett Saltonstall, formerly Collector of the port; in this city, Mrs. Fletcher Harper. April 15.—At Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Maria Preston Pope, aged ninety; at Orange, N. J., George E. Seaman; at Jersey City, Major Archibald B. Freeborn, a retired officer of the United States Army; at Springfield, Mass., Dr. John P. Blackmer, a well-known prohibitionist and temperance worker; in Berlin, Prussia, Lothar von Meyer, the celebrated German chemist; at Cape May, N. J., Enos R. Williams, a prominent contractor. April 14.—At New Haven, Conn., Professor James D. Dana, of Yale University, one of the leading scientists of this country; in this city, James W. Scott, principal proprietor of the *Times-Herald* of Chicago. April 13.—At Newport, R. I., Mayor Waters; in this city, Gideon E. Moore, a well-known chemist; at South Orange, N. J., Benjamin G. Bloss.

#### THE OFFICE DOG'S WISDOM.

I NOTICE a great deal of growling among my human friends just now over the income tax. They pay more attention to the law and the profits than they ever did before. It's a fine thing to lead a dog's life, after all. The revenue collector doesn't cause me any loss of sleep.



I'm glad to see our State Department mastiffs stand right up to the British lion, and bark him out of countenance. He isn't quite so predatory as he was, since the President told him what we wouldn't stand. England thinks that the Monroe Doctrine is an antiquated plaything, does she? But I notice that she seems afraid to touch it.

I wouldn't give the wag of a small yellow dog's tail for all the good that ex-Senator Ingalls will do his political prospects to touch it.

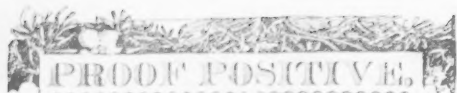
by preaching "free silver." He's barking up the wrong tree.

Can you tell me why the story of "May Day" in New York City is always like a dog's caudal appendage? Give it up? Because it is a moving tale.

President Cleveland's epistle on finance ought to be copied in letters of gold and hung up in every free silver advocate's room.



THE GEORGIA HUSSARS MOUNTED AT WORMSLOE, FEBRUARY 22, 1895, SHOWING THE NEW JERSEY AND HUSSAR RIFLE TEAMS DISMOUNTED.



BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.  
Author of "Joseph's Coat," "And David," "The Way of the World,"  
"Why? Says Gladys," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

IS cellar held the best Benicaster I ever saw poured, and he took a glass or two of it at supper-time unfailingly.  
"Come!" he said. "We will commemorate this great hour, Alwayne. I will ring for a candle and you shall light me to the cellar. There is one dozen such wine—well, I will not boast. Emperors drink it, Kings and Kaisers, and among common men I am the sole possessor. I saved the life of the grower, and ever since, for fifty years now, I have had my yearly half-dozen—my tribute. Come! We will fetch out the oldest of them all."

The maid had entered while he was still speaking, and she now returned with a lighted candle, which she left upon the table. I led the way which I had traveled many hundred times before, for the bringing up of the bottle three or four times had been my duty when I had lived with the Professor as his pupil, and the old man, chatting excitedly, followed in my footsteps. By some little bit of ignorance or carelessness the way to the bin had been blocked by a heap of dusty firewood, and we had to clean all this away before we could get at the precious vintage on the lower shelves. We made merry over this, but we grew very grimy in the process, both of us, and on our return to the sitting-room each laughed at the other's aspect.

"This is soon removed," said the Professor. "Come upstairs."

I followed him, and when we had made ourselves presentable once more, he laid a hand upon my shoulder and said rather gravely that he would like to show me something. He led me to another apartment which I knew at once must belong to Kathryn, and for a moment I hesitated to stay in it, for my mere presence there seemed almost like a desecration of its virginal privacy. It was beautifully ordered everywhere, and there was an odor of lavender which reminded me tenderly of its occupant. The Professor took the candle from my hand and moved before me.

"I do not earn much of late years," he said, "but I spend so little. One of these days this will be yours, Alwayne, and even if I am not proud, I do not like you to think that Kathryn is portionless."

I noticed an iron safe let solidly into the wall. It proved to be without a key, for when the Professor laid a hand upon the brass knob of the door it yielded to the tug he gave it and opened. He took from it an unlocked common cash-box, and showed me layer upon layer of bank of England notes.

"There is four thousand pounds there," he said, simply, as he closed the box and returned it to the safe. "That is for Kathryn when I am gone."

"But surely," I said, "it is unwise to keep so large a sum of money in so unprotected a place. The safe door is open."

"Ah!" the Professor answered, with his innocent smile, "I have lost the key. That is my fault. But nobody knows of it except Kathryn and myself. The two servants have been with us for years, and are as honest as the day. There is no danger."

"Surely it would be safer to send it to the bank," I urged him.

"I dare say," he answered, carelessly. "It can go," he added. "There is no reason why it should not go. It is the savings of my life. Whenever I have had money I did not want I have put it there. Some of it is there for forty years."

I might have given him the advantage of a little business common sense on this matter, if he had not told me that one day the money would come to Kathryn, who, many years before that happened, would, I hoped, be my wife. That consideration kept me silent, but it seemed a pity to have kept money unproductive and idle all that time.

We went downstairs together, and by and by Kathryn summoned us to the dining-room, and there with her own hands served the omelette she had made. The Professor himself uncorked the precious bottle and poured out the wine, and we all three touched glasses and drank.

"I made songs once," said the Professor, "when I was young and foolish. I made a song about this wine—"

"Not a moonbeam ever fell  
On the stream I know so well  
But the wine has kept its spell.  
  
Never lover strolled along  
Moselle's leafy woods among  
But the wine preserves his song."

"There was more of it, but I forget. But all the kindly Moselle Valley, all the pretty stream, and the green banks, and the quiet little towns, and the girls and the boys with their pretty little fancies—they are all in that bottle. Eh?"

It was a happy hour, and I can see Kathryn yet as if she were actually before me in all the guileless pride and beauty of her youth. It was a happy hour, and it came to an end. I had to rise at last, and make ready to go, but Kathryn was afraid of the night and prophesied that I should never reach home. She accompanied me into the hall to say good-by, and how shall I ever forget the joy and sorrow of that parting? It was hard to leave her for an instant. It was hard to surrender such a rapture as her presence gave me.

At length I took my last farewell and threw open the door. The blast drove me back and my head came into unpleasant contact with the wall of the corridor. The snow rushed beating in, in flakes as large as a child's hand, and in a mere instant the floor of the passage was covered to the depth of an inch or more by the blowing in of the drift which had piled itself outside.

"Close the door!" cried Kathryn, and I set myself to do it, but the wind blew so fiercely that she had to come to my assistance. The rushing tempest had tumbled half a dozen objects in the hall, and among the

rest had thrown down an engraving and a weather glass. The tumult brought out the old Professor, who looked about him with amazement.

"You must sleep here to-night, Alwayne," he said. "It is not a night to turn out a dog."

I made some little objection, but I was overruled, and to tell the truth I was not sorry to be housed. I was three miles from home, and that blinding storm would have cleared the streets of every vehicle. There was a little bustle while the corridor was swept and the debris which bestrewed it cleared away, and then Kathryn ran off to superintend the preparations of my chamber, which had not been occupied for years. She came down with laughing reports of a smoking chimney, and as she opened the door I had a sight of the two females of the household in the act of mounting the stairs, the one carrying a great pile of blankets and the other a heap of folded bed-linen.

Then, when all the preparations were completed we had a quiet half-hour together, which, to me, was like a bit of heaven. We separated for the night, but the old man came to my room and sat with me. By and by we heard Kathryn's voice calling softly at the door of his room.

"I am here, my treasure," said the Professor, opening the door. "What is it you want?"

"You will find all that carbon paper on the chest of drawers," she answered. "It blackens everything that touches it, and I want to take it away, to my own room."

"Good!" said the Professor; "I will bring it to you. I have been teaching my little girl how to take carbon prints of the skeletons of leaves," he explained. "You know the process? No. It is very simple. See." He held up against the light a skeleton leaf of exquisite filmy texture, like the very finest lace. "You prepare your paper with sweet oil and candle smoke. That is plain enough, eh? You macerate your leaves in water until nothing but the skeleton is left. You rub your skeleton leaf on the carbon, so. You transfer it to a sheet of clean paper, so. Then you rub again, and you have a print of the leaf. A pretty toy, eh?"

"Kathryn is waiting," I said; and the Professor, gathering all the blackened sheets and the white-leaved book and the skeleton leaves together, carried them out to her. She took them from him, and smiled a last good-night to me.

I did not see her again for many terrible and agonized years, and but for those sheets of carbonized paper I should never to the day of my death have known what it was that parted us.

CHAPTER II.

I LINGERED long alone before I began to undress. The fire, however it may have misbehaved at first, burned brightly and cheerily now, and made a pleasant companion to my thoughts. There was no reason why marriage should be long delayed, and I planned a matrimonial trip to the Riviera, which Kathryn had never seen. I knew it well, from hasty annual visits of a fortnight at a time, and Kathryn and I, in my own fancy, wandered to many a lovely spot on the old Corniche Road, "by seas the peacock's neck in hue." And while I sat thus happily musing I could hear her moving directly overhead. I prayed with all my heart for her happiness, and I made resolves, as I suppose all lovers do, that nothing should ever cloud her life, or bring her a care if I could help it.

I dare say I had sat thus for a full hour when my waning candle warned me to undress at once, and then I noticed for the first time that, let into the wall beside the fireplace, was a second safe, which looked the precise replica of the one I had seen upstairs. I looked at it with no particular interest, but when I pulled the door open I noticed that it was provided with a latch, and that if it were once closed it could not be opened without the key. That was a sounder receptacle, I thought, than the other safe in Kathryn's room. At least, a thief would have to force this, or to find the key, whereas he had but to give a tug at the door of the other and it opened to him at once. I remember drowsily thinking that I would remind the Professor of this safe in the morning, and drowsily resolving to do nothing of the kind, but to advise him again to send his money to the bank for safety, and then I fell asleep.

I awoke from a horrible nightmare, and the fire was still burning redly in the grate. I had dreamed that from the storm outside, the roaring of which I could hear distinctly in my sleep, a face had been thrust in at Kathryn's window—a face so vile and brutalized that I had never fancied the like of it. I do not know from what point of view I saw my dream, but Kathryn was sleeping tranquilly, though the wind tossed her hair, and the snow fell on her cheek. The eyes at the open window gazed around, stealthily and menacing, and the owner of the eyes dragged himself softly into the room and closed the window. He wore list slippers, and his footsteps made no sound. He moved toward the safe, opened it softly, and drew out the cash-box. Then he went stealthily back again toward his place of entrance, and on a sudden the box fell with a clatter to the floor. Kathryn started with a cry, and the villain stood over her with a gleaming knife in his hand. The cry which awoke me was my own, and the noise of the falling cash-box was translated into the sound of a falling coal from the fire. But though the dream was broken, I lay sweating and trembling for many minutes under the terror of it, and it was long before I could calm myself to sleep again.

I lay late next morning, though I am, and had been by custom, an early riser. I had no guess as to the reason, but there was a heavy weight upon me; a sense of impending mischief quelled my spirit. The house was as quiet as a grave, and something made me listen with strained attention for a sound which did not come. I could have believed myself alone in it, out when I had dressed and descended, the maid came into the room to lay breakfast.

"I am very late," I said; "I am afraid that Miss Gordon and Dr. Zeck have breakfasted without me."

There was something curiously disconcerting and chilly in the glance the girl sent in my direction. It seemed made up of wonder and repulsion.

"The Professor has gone out," she said. "Miss Gordon is ill."

"Ill?" I asked. "What is the matter?"

"That's what I was to tell you," the girl replied, and with this she left the room. Her manner was as unexpected as the intelligence she gave me. Kathryn had looked the very picture of rosy health last night, and only last night I had been met by the whole household with the cordiality to which I had been accustomed for years. The Professor had left apparently without a message, and it was no fancy which led me to think that the whole atmosphere of the place was changed.

Before the housemaid returned I had written a hasty note on one of the blank leaves of my professional memorandum-book. I found an envelope, and inclosed my message within it.

"Let Miss Gordon have this at once," I said, as the girl re-entered with the tray.

"She's not to be disturbed," she answered, with an openly expressed aversion in her face and voice.

"Did the Professor say at what time he would return?" I asked her.

"He left no message with me," the girl responded, insolently.

"Let your mistress have that note as soon as she awakes," I said; "and tell her that I will return at five o'clock this afternoon."

I held the envelope toward her, but she recoiled from me, with a pale face and eyes full of disdain.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" I asked her, angrily.

"Oh, nothing that need trouble you," she retorted, with a scornful emphasis on the last word, and flounced out of the room with a backward glance of anger and contempt which left me altogether stricken and bewildered. I drank a cup of coffee in a mechanical way, and after lingering indeterminate and miserable for half an hour I left the house, not in the least understanding what had befallen me.

My patients were already awaiting me when I reached home. The bitter cold and the heavy snow made them fewer than common, so that they were soon dispatched, and I was able to start upon my rounds at the usual hour. Throughout the day I was never free of wonder and indignation, and no sooner were my duties over than I gave orders to my coachman to drive me to the Professor's house. It was the cook who answered my summons at the door—an elderly woman who had been in the Professor's employ when I had first known him. She had evidently been crying bitterly, and in answer to my inquiry for her master she gave me a flat "not at home" and closed the door in my face.

I often think that words are made for commonplace uses, and that they fail us when we most seem to need them. To say that I was amazed, angry and wounded all at once seems to say nothing. I went away doubting my own sanity, wondering if the events of the past twenty hours were all a dream. On reaching home I wrote a letter to Kathryn and dispatched it by messenger. It was returned unopened, and this completed the sum of my misery and my mystification.

My feet took me to the house again, that evening, and I walked dismally up and down before it, not able to decide on anything. There were lights in the Professor's room, and in Kathryn's, and every now and then every room in the house was by turns illuminated, as if some unusual bustle were going on within. A dozen times at least my hand was at the bell, but I found my courage fail me, and I went back into the street without having again solicited an entry. Before midnight the whole of the tenement was in darkness, and I walked homeward, denouncing myself bitterly for my cowardice and irresolution. On my return I wrote an impassioned letter to Dr. Zeck, and then feigning to have hurt my hand, I made my man-servant direct a plain and unmarked envelope. No answer came next day, and, as it happened, I was detained by professional business to a late hour. By this time I was so far my own master that I had resolved, if necessary, to force an interview, and to learn by what strange circumstances a beloved pupil, an honored friend and an accepted lover had been suddenly turned to a person whom it was permissible to treat with so much contumely. As I sprang from my cab and ran rapidly up the steps it did not at first strike me that all the house was dark. I rang, and at the first peal of the bell a sense of desolation, such as I had not felt until then, struck me through and through, for I knew instinctively from the sound that the place was empty and deserted. In spite of this surety I rang again and again, and with increasing violence, stepping into the street between whiles and staring up at the blank unwinning windows. Some belated tradesman's boy came by with a basket on his arm, and stood to watch me, whistling, and jiggling to his own music on the frozen pavement. Some sense of shame in my own futile employment forced me to address him.

"Do you belong to this neighborhood? Do you know what has happened here?"

"I seed 'em a-fittin' this morning," said the boy. "They went away in two big Pickford's vans."

At that I surrendered all further effort, and drove home broken-hearted. Gusts of passionate anger came over me at moments, and sometimes, in a very exasperation of bewilderment, I found myself pacing about the room clutching my hair with both hands. But for the most part I sat quiet, like a man made of frozen lead, conscious only of an unspeakable bitterness of misery.

Day after day went by, and week after week, but the speeding time brought no solution of the mystery. I advertised in all the newspapers beseeching for an explanation, but none came. My patients began to fall away. Acquaintances passed me in the street with averted looks. I felt as if a curse had fallen upon me.

At last I found an opportunity for a question. An old comrade of mine, more than an acquaintance—Emile Dupre—with whom I had studied at the Hotel Dieu for three years, cut me point-blank in Regent Street. His eye had met mine, and I knew of course that he recognized me. I had already put out my hand toward him when he screwed on a frozen stare and went by me. For a second or two I was as helpless as if I had received a mortal stab, but I recovered swiftly and made after him and took him by the shoulder.

"Dupre, a word with you. You recognized me when you passed just now?"



"I recognized you," he answered.  
 "Will you tell me why you passed me by?"  
 "I passed you by," he said, with a freezing self-possession, "because I learn on excellent authority that you are not a person with whom a gentleman can associate."  
 "Will you favor me," I asked as quietly as I could, "with your excellent authority?"  
 "No," he responded, and made a movement to continue his walk.

"Pardon me, Dupre," I said, passing my arm through his. "I shall insist upon my right, and I shall give you yours. It is your right, in the first place, to have my solemn assurance that I have no knowledge of any circumstance in my life which could justify your treatment of me, and it is my right to demand an explanation."

He turned and looked me in the face, with hard scrutiny.

"For Heaven's sake, Dupre," I broke out, "act like a man of honor, and a friend. I swear to you by all I hold most sacred that I have never been guilty of an act which denies me the right to hold up my head among men of honor, and yet my oldest and dearest friend runs away and hides from me, the lady to whom I was to have been married returns my letters unopened, acquaintances cross the street as I draw near as if I had the plague. You are the first man I have a right to question, and I will have an answer. What is this blight which has fallen on my life?"

"Come," said Dupre (the people were gathering about us with curious eyes), "this is no place for such a talk as this."

Fortunately, Dupre was but a poor speaker of English, and I had naturally addressed him in his native tongue. It is probable that not more than two or three of those who had heard had understood.

He waved his disengaged hand, and a hansom cab drew up at the curb. I gave the driver my address, and in a very few minutes we were at home. I paid the man at random, and entering by the aid of my latch-key, led the way to my consulting-room. Dupre laid his hat and stick upon the table, and drew off his gloves with an air of grave deliberation.

"Tell me," I said, "what is this hidden scandal which has broken my heart and is driving me to ruin?"  
 "Innocent or guilty," he returned, "it is not agreeable for me to speak, or you to listen. But, as you say, you have your rights and I have mine."

"Go on," I said. "Let me know what I have to fight against."

"To begin with," said Dupre, looking me in the face with an eye which seemed full of a fatal purpose, "you know"—he hesitated, and looking downward, strained strongly at the glove he held in both hands—"you know that Professor Zeck is dead?"

His eye shot upward to meet mine, as if he had laid a trap for me.

"Dead!" I cried. "Dead!"  
 "Dead," he answered, like an echo. "He died of a broken heart, literally and simply of a broken heart, in Paris. We buried him the day before yesterday. He told me that you had killed him as surely as if you had shot or stabbed or poisoned him. Need I go on?"

For anything I can tell, my agony and amazement may have looked like guilt. I shook and stammered.  
 "I had killed him? I loved him as I loved no other man alive."

"It is not my business," said Dupre, "to measure your capacity for the common human affections."

"In God's name, what had I done?" I cried.  
 "I can hardly bring myself to tell the story," Dupre answered, "for, to say the truth, I am quite open to a feeling of vicarious shame; but if you want it, you shall have it."

I stammered that I knew nothing, and besought him to go on. I could see that he disbelieved me; and I knew even then, in the midst of all my desolation and my agony of mind, that he looked at me as at an actor who was trying to make the expression of one emotion pass for that of another.

"Three months have gone by since Professor Zeck hurriedly withdrew himself from his adopted land," Dupre began. "As I understood him, you had only a day before, or a day or so before, offered yourself as a suitor for the hand of his granddaughter, Miss Gordon."

"Yes, yes," I answered.  
 "He accepted your proposal, and a little later, the lady confirmed his acceptance."

"Yes, yes!"  
 "A little later he showed you his granddaughter's dowry, a sum of a hundred thousand francs or so, which he kept in an unlocked cash-box in an open safe, in the lady's bedroom. I am right so far?"

"Absolutely."

"A snowstorm of unusual severity induced him to offer you the hospitality of his house. You stayed the night there. Sometime in the night the safe was opened, the box was abstracted, and—Do you wish me to go on?"

"Go on," I hardly know of what I thought.  
 "The thief was recognized."

"Well?" And still the blow had not fallen, and still I hardly knew of what I thought.  
 "Recognized by the miserable girl who had plighted her faith to him for life that very night."

"A lie!" I cried. "A wretched, base, malignant lie!"

"That is your answer," said Dupre, with a face as hard as iron. "Your fiancée is a wicked, base, malignant liar. And your old friend, who, awakened by her cry of horror, came from his room in time to see you stealing down the stair—is he also a base, wicked, malignant liar?"

"It is Kathryn," I exclaimed, "who makes this hideous charge against me? Impossible!"  
 "She and her grandfather both knew you. Both saw you plainly. You have my answer to your questions now, and I see no use in staying longer."

"One minute, Dupre!" I begged him. "You know where she is?"

"I know," he answered, "but I shall not tell you. I surprised your story at a time when Professor Zeck was so broken with mental anguish that he betrayed himself. He made me promise solemnly that I would never breathe a word of it to a soul. I made that

promise, and I do not reckon that I have broken it, in answering your questions."

He would have gone then but that I stood between him and the door. I have no power to recall the words I used, but I protested my innocence. I begged him to consider the chance of error, to remember the mad impossibility of the charge. How could a man of honor be suddenly transformed into a thief so base? What motive was there in robbing Kathryn, of all people in the world? I had been prosperous, unencumbered, without a care. Why should I have stolen what I was told would one day be my own? The very violence of my suffering—the passion of my revolt against this intolerable, mad suspicion may have had a sinister influence. He listened, since without force he could not escape from listening; but it was with a look divided between weariness and loathing. At last I flung the door open and released him. I heard his footsteps as he retired. I heard the hall door close behind him, and then something seemed to snap within my head, and I fell.

I learned afterward that I was found and carried upstairs, that medical aid was called in, and that I was ill for months with brain fever. When youth and constitution asserted themselves, I was sent to the seaside. A whole half-year elapsed before I was able to go back to my work. Then everything that had been done in the past five years was to do over again. My practice had gone to pieces. Nobody wanted me. I seemed to have no place in the world.

The expenses of a medical man in London practice are heavy, and my savings had been small. Such as they were, my long illness had bitten terribly into them, and now they dwindled more and more. The lease of the house realized something, and the furniture was sold at auction. I bought a small practice in the country, and my story followed me. The cook and the housemaid had talked, as was only natural. I dragged along in bitter hatred of the world, and in bitter exasperation at it, and at last I settled down as an apothecary's assistant. I lived that life seven years, and then came the end of care.

(Continued next week.)

### HOME-MADE MILLINERY.

THE bonnet illustrated is for a young lady, and is made on the shape which was shown in my last letter on Home Millinery. It is a very good sample of what is worn in New York for afternoons and evenings. In the present instance the shape is covered with straw braid of a violet color. At the side are broad bows of black velvet ribbon; in front of these and also at the back are sprays of lilac, sewn down close to the straw, and directly in front are two jet wings of new design.

To make the loops for the bows proceed in the following manner: With three-quarters of a yard of ribbon four inches wide form three loops of equal length; these are placed about one and one-half inches from the centre of the crown on each side. To make the bows appear well finished and to avoid

a tie-over knot, a small opening is made in the straw braid and the edges of the ribbon inserted between the rows. The stems of the flowers can be hidden by bending underneath the spray. The wire of the jet wings can be disposed of in the same way as the ends of the ribbon bows. This, of course, leaves a small space between the two wings of jet, a correct feature of the new style of trimming. It is permissible, however, to place a round jet ornament here if you wish to do so. The same design can be made in all black, with perhaps some geraniums or other colored flowers. It can also be made in white straw with black or colored trimmings. In fact, there is no limit to the variation, and your own taste, combined with what the costume it is to be worn with calls for, will suggest the combination of color to use for your hat. The most stylish idea in matching a bonnet to a costume is to have colored straw and either black trimmings or a combination of several shades of the same color. This last is a delicate piece of work and should not be attempted unless you have a large stock of ribbons to choose from.

The hat which the illustration shows is of light-brown straw with rosettes of a still lighter shade of brown satin ribbon in the centre. Small roses of a very pale pinkish yellow surround the crown and four black quills give the broad effect that almost every hat has now. A small bunch of roses is placed at each side of the back to rest on the hair.

This hat is made of straw sewn on to a wire frame, and to do this you begin at the outside edge, allowing the straw to come beyond the wire fully half an inch; continue the rows round and round, lapping each over the other as you proceed. Underneath, the wires are simply covered with a facing of double brown tulle illusion and the under edge is finished with an additional row of straw. The shape of the crown is just like a saucer turned upside down, and the two rosettes of ribbon, one behind and one in front of the quills, cover it almost entirely, so that it is not necessary to have it covered with the straw; in this case the tulle is folded several times and stretched over it plain. It can, of course, be fully covered with straw if desired, but for summer wear this way is lighter. The same style of trimming can be used on any hat with a low crown, particularly the small turban with a rolling brim which is always used, no matter what the more extreme styles are.

Wings and whole birds are largely used on the early spring hats, combined with ribbon and sometimes chiffon. In all instances the wings are used to produce the effect of breadth and are generally of dark colors.

Blue is to be a fashionable color, and the shades range from the bright old-fashioned Royal blue to darkest navy. A hat of blue straw will have birds of blue, black chiffon or ribbon, and possibly some little touch



of color, such as crimson roses—usually placed so as to lie on the hair. They invariably make a hat which is sombre in color look piquant and becoming. The idea of two small bunches at each side of the knot of hair has its usefulness, as it helps to keep the hat firm on the head, especially if they are sewn on to a disc of net edged with wire.

CECILE.

## Curly Headed Dick

"Oh, dear, deary me!" sighed five-year-old Dick.  
 "These horrid old curls make me feel quite sick.  
 If they only were cut, then folks would know,  
 I am not a girl; they do plague me so."



By saying, "How pretty!" "Dear little girl!"  
 And surely, dear, you can spare me a curl.  
 Till I wish I were dead—I do so, there!  
 And curly-head dropt in grandpapa's chair,  
 With a frowning face and puckered brow.  
 The child continued, "I see it now:  
 I am just like a girl, even the dress,  
 And really I cannot blame folks, I guess."

If they do think I am a girl; but then,  
 I am a boy, and I'll show Brother Ben  
 I won't grow a woman, instead of man—  
 I'll fix up this matter now, if I can."

Then sitting quite straight, in the old armchair,  
 He took the scissors and cut off his hair:  
 One curl on the right, and one on the left,  
 The little fingers becoming quite left.  
 He clift off his bang, and cut all around,  
 Then down from the chair he came with a bound,  
 And cut his petticoats all round about;  
 'Twas the man growing in him, I'll not doubt.  
 Brother Ben's trousers he donned in a trice,  
 And really he felt that he looked quite nice,  
 With trousers too long, and hair all askew—  
 His mother'd ne'er know him, nor I, nor you.



But the heart within him beats loud with joy,  
 As he feels at last he's really a boy.  
 With hands in his pockets, he shouts in glee,  
 "They'll never again make a girl of me.  
 And now I'm sure Brother Ben never can say,  
 'I'll grow a woman instead of man.'"

—JACK A NAPER.

### CONUNDRUMS.

THE ANSWER to Conundrum No. 1 published in ONCE A WEEK dated March 21, 1895, is as follows:  
 One is "assault and battery"; the other is "a but and pantry."

#### 1.—A WEATHER BUREAU.

The chief said to his sprites: "Now go,  
 Pack up our remnant stock of \* \* \* \*  
 And in this drawer you've just made neat,  
 Put down that solid case of \* \* \* \*  
 Here at the front, direct and plain,  
 Lay in a good supply of \* \* \* \*  
 And in this corner do not fail  
 To place a small amount of \* \* \* \*  
 May parties will be needing flowers,  
 So get some nice, warm April \* \* \* \*  
 Be careful now, and stand from under:  
 Here is some rather heavy \* \* \* \*  
 And we must have, at any cost,  
 A little out-of-season \* \* \* \*  
 Gathered from ocean, lake and bog,  
 This is a most superior \* \* \* \*  
 But it would take a witch or wizard,  
 To find where you have put that \* \* \* \*  
 And here you've jumbled things together,  
 And mixed them all up with \* \* \* \*"

—M. C. S.

#### 2.—"WHERE WILL YOU SIT, UNCLE?"

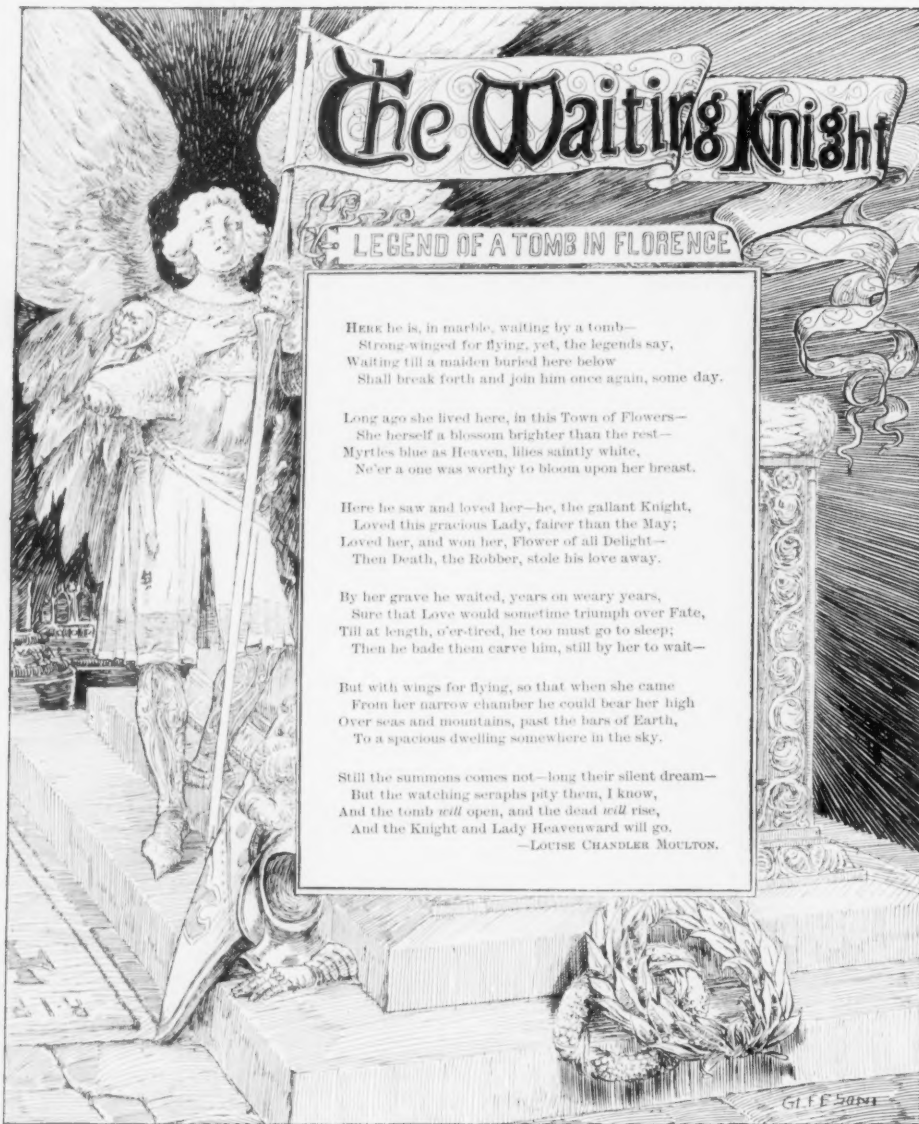
—Mrs. Kewigs.

Arranged in a row, rather huddled and warm,  
 The old-fashioned school children sat on a \* \* \* \*  
 It seems much the same, to an ignorant noddy,  
 To hear that a coroner "sat on the \* \* \* \*  
 Now, all will remember, without mental wrench,  
 American judges must sit on the \* \* \* \*  
 But the English Chief Justice—I hope 'tis a full sack—  
 Is always expected to sit on the \* \* \* \*  
 It sounds somewhat strange, yet you've heard it before,  
 Our Congressmen all take a "seat on the \* \* \* \*  
 And only the Speaker is privileged there,  
 Unless he resigns it, to sit "in the \* \* \* \*  
 To church if you go, as 'tis proper to do,  
 The usher will give you a seat in a \* \* \* \*  
 While models for artists are frequently known,  
 Like King, Queen or Kaiser, to sit on a \* \* \* \*  
 Fierce partisans feel indignation intense  
 At those undecided, who "sit on the \* \* \* \*  
 All these have some manner of seat at command  
 But a witness in court is just put "on the \* \* \* \*"

—M. C. S.

Mrs. Jones—"John, you didn't keep your eyes on the preacher all the time."  
 Mr. Jones—"How could I? I had my umbrella with me."

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It cures acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.



that office up to the present time, representing his Government to general satisfaction, and filling the post of United States Consul-General *pro tem* on several occasions during the absence of the incumbent.

Mr. Springer has a thorough knowledge of international law, as well as the judicial and political systems of Spain and Cuba. He is courteous, cultured, an able diplomat, and a good linguist, being conversant with Spanish, French, Italian and German. He belongs to the Sons of the American Revolution, and three of his



JOSEPH ALDEN SPRINGER,  
United States Vice Consul-General at Havana.

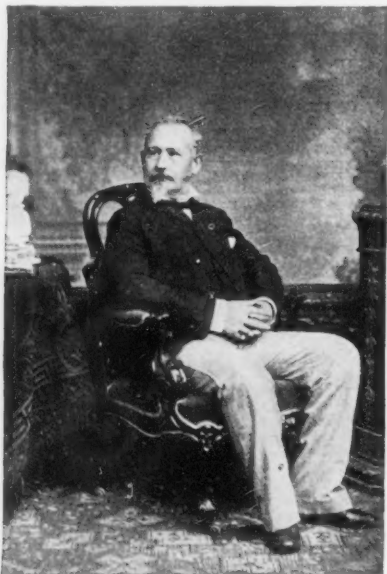
ancestors fought in the War for Independence: viz., Captain Nathaniel Springer, Lieutenant Jackson and Edmund Quincy, Esq. Joseph Alden Springer comes of Colonial as well as Revolutionary stock, being a lineal descendant of John Alden of Plymouth Rock fame, as well as Judge Edmund Quincy who was sent to the Court of St. James by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1737.

Mr. Springer's brother, James Henry Springer, has also been in the Consular service for several years, both at Havana and as United States Consul *pro tem* in Matanzas, and at the present time he holds the office of United States Commercial Agent at San Juan de los Remedios, Cuba.

"Won at last," whispered the groom as he led the bride out of church.  
"Yes," she murmured back; "I am the won, and I intend to be the one."

#### OUR CONSUL AND VICE CONSUL-GENERAL AT HAVANA.

**R**AMON O. WILLIAMS was born in Washington, D. C. When quite young he went to the island of Cuba, as he had relatives there, but returned to Washington shortly afterward and engaged in journalism. Going back to Cuba, he went into business, becoming a very successful merchant, and retired in 1871. He was appointed United States Vice Consul-General at Havana in 1874, a post of honor to him as well as usefulness to his Government on account of his



RAMON O. WILLIAMS,  
United States Consul General at Havana.

profound and far-reaching views and knowledge of the economic situation of Cuba.

In 1884 Ramon O. Williams was promoted to United States Consul-General at Havana, and has held that post through several Administrations. It is reported that he intends to resign.

Mr. Williams is married to a Cuban lady, and they have three sons and one daughter who were all educated in the United States and reside in New York and Brooklyn. He will doubtless make a considerable stay in each of those cities presently.

#### JOSEPH ALDEN SPRINGER.

Joseph Alden Springer is a native of Portland, Me., and was educated at a Military School.

He entered the Consular service very young; was appointed United States Consular Clerk by General Grant in 1870 at Havana, Cuba, and Consul at Cardenas, where he remained for a year, returning to Havana shortly after. In 1884 he was promoted to be United States Vice Consul-General at Havana, and has held

#### THE NORTH SEA CANAL AND THE GRUENENTHAL BRIDGE.

The great ship canal which is to connect the Baltic with the North Sea is now nearly completed, and will be dedicated in June with imposing ceremonies and the assembling of ships-of-war from the navies of the leading nations. The huge railroad bridge over the canal at Gruenthal is also finished. The canal will be of immense benefit to commerce, for it renders useless the tedious passage from Bremen or Hamburg around the Danish coast by way of the Skager Rack and the Cattegat to the important German ports of Kiel, Lubeck, Stettin and Dantzig. It is seventy miles long, and of depth sufficient to float the largest modern ships.



THE GREAT RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE NORTH SEA CANAL





CONGRESSMAN J. M. KENDALL, KENTUCKY.



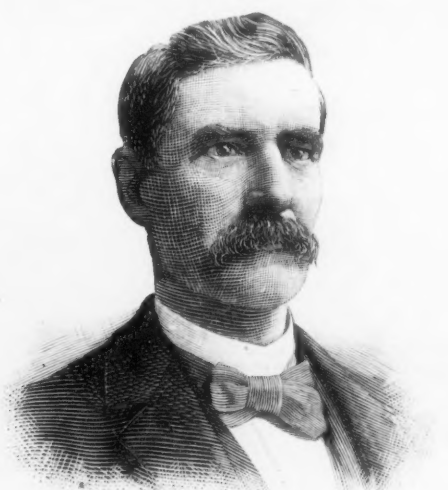
CONGRESSMAN J. M. LACHLAN, CALIFORNIA.



CONGRESSMAN C. N. FOWLER, NEW JERSEY.



CONGRESSMAN W. MILLER, WEST VIRGINIA.



CONGRESSMAN J. J. JENKINS, WISCONSIN.



CONGRESSMAN J. A. HEMENWAY, INDIANA.

## OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.—No. 19.

**A**MONG the younger Congressmen from the West who will be prominent in the Fifty-fourth Congress is James A. Hemenway, from the First District of Indiana. He was born in Booneville, in that State, in 1861, and began life working in a tobacco factory, at the same time during his leisure hours studying law. In 1886 he was nominated as the Republican candidate for Prosecuting Attorney in the Second Judicial Circuit of Indiana. Although the district was largely Democratic, he was elected, and re-elected in 1888. In 1892 he was the member of the Republican State Committee from his district and made quite a reputation as an organizer there, making a gain of one State Senator and two Representatives in the State Legislature. In the late election he showed his popularity with the people by running ahead of his party ticket.

Warren Miller, Congressman from the Fourth West Virginia District, was born in Meigs County, Ohio, in 1847. He removed to Virginia (now West Virginia) in 1850, and lived on a farm until the close of the war. He had no advantages of free schools, and attended a subscription school but a few months in his boyhood. He studied at the Ohio University, at Athens, O., about three years and six months; afterward taught school and studied law; was admitted to the Bar in Jackson County, West Virginia, in 1871; was Assistant Prosecuting Attorney two years; also Commissioner of the Courts; Prosecuting Attorney for eight years from 1881; Delegate-at-Large from West Virginia to the Republican National Convention in 1884, and supported James G. Blaine for President. He was a member of the West Virginia Legislature in 1891; candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court on the State ticket in 1892, receiving the support of both Republicans and Populists.

John J. Jenkins, who will represent the Tenth Wisconsin District in the next Congress, is an attorney at Chippewa Falls, Wis. He was born at Weymouth, England, in 1843; went to Baraboo, Wis., June, 1852; received a very limited common school education; served during the war in the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry; was clerk of the Circuit Court at Baraboo; emigrated to Chippewa Falls, Wis., 1870, and was there City Clerk, City Attorney, County Judge, and member of Assembly in 1872. He was United States Attorney for the Territory of Wyoming, appointed by President Grant in March, 1876. He was elected to Congress by a plurality of 10,782 over a Prohibitionist, Populist and Democrat.

Charles N. Fowler, Representative from the Eighth New Jersey District, was born in Illinois in 1852. He was a farmer's boy, and received the ordinary common school education. At eighteen he went to Beloit College in Wisconsin, and thence to Yale, where he was graduated in 1876. In 1878 he was graduated from the Chicago Law School. Mr. Fowler is an active Republican, a firm protectionist and utterly opposed to the unlimited coinage of silver on any other basis than a compact of all the leading commercial nations.

James McLachlan, member from the Sixth District of California, was born in 1852 at Argyleshire, Scotland. At the age of three he removed with his parents to Tompkins County, New York, where he was reared on a farm and educated in the public schools. He began teaching at the age of sixteen, and while thus engaged prepared himself for college, and was graduated from Hamilton College, New York, in 1878. He was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of New York State in 1880, and commenced the practice of his profession in 1881 at Ithaca, N. Y., where he remained until 1888, when he removed to Pasadena, Cal., and there continued actively in the law. In 1877 he was elected on the Republican ticket to the office of School Commissioner of Tompkins County, and in 1890 was elected District Attorney at Los Angeles County, California. In 1894 he was elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress as a Republican from the Sixth Congressional District of California, receiving 18,746 votes against 11,693 votes for George S. Patton, Democrat, and 9,764 votes for W. C. Bowman, Populist.

Joseph M. Kendall, Congressman from the Tenth Kentucky District, was born at West Liberty, Ky.; attended the State College of Kentucky and the University of Michigan; was examined by the Court of Appeals of Kentucky and admitted to practice law before he was of age; was a clerk in the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses; elected to the Fifty-second Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of his father; declined a re-election by reason of ill health; was elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress as a Democrat, receiving 14,845 votes against 14,592 votes for N. T. Hopkins, Republican.



1. Revelation



3. Realization



2. Appreciation



4. Determination



5. — — — tion

# EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

## PATTERNS FOR HOME DRESS-MAKING.

THERE is not a woman worthy of the name who is not just now deeply immersed in the problem of her summer wardrobe. The foolish virgins who take no heed for the future, but delude themselves with the belief that sufficient to the day are the gowns thereof, before many weeks are past and the languorous heat of summer is on us, be found ruefully contemplating the dainty toilettes of their more far-seeing sisters who provided the season's raiment in the long, cool days of spring, and when July and August came, could sit with folded hands enjoying the result of their industry and forethought. Be wise in time, ye who read this warning and select your muslins, batistes and organdies now while the season is young.

There was a brave display of vanities on Fifth Avenue on Easter Sunday at the hour of the fashionable promenade, as the many churches emptied themselves of their unusually full congregations. Quite the most distinctive feature of the gowns worn by the best dressed women was the prevalence of the blouse fronts of tucked lawn, trimmed with tiny ruffled edges of yellow Valenciennes lace. These are the daintiest things imaginable, and though costly to buy, made up, they can easily be concocted at home by clever fingers for a comparatively small outlay. The lawn or batiste must be of the thinnest, sheerest kind, the tucks infinitesimally small and not too close together; the insertion and lace trimming of the finest quality. It should be made like a loose vest with a drooping full front, and a plain back fastened with buttons and buttonholes. The neck is finished with a straight band, tucked and trimmed like the front. Very modish women will not wear them after they have been laundered, but the majority of us who cannot afford to be so extravagant must see that these fronts are carefully washed and ironed without a hint of starch or blueing.

A pretty and cool blouse for summer wear is shown in 6399. The material used is fancy striped percale. The collar is of all-over-embroider with ruffled edging to match; or may be of percale, like the cuffs with the embroidered edging. The blouse is fitted by means of the shoulder and under-arm seams. The fashionable box-plait



6399-LADIES' BLOUSE WAIST

covers the closing in the centre, small plain gold studs being used in preference to buttons and buttonholes. The lower edge is finished with a hem, through which elastic is drawn to adjust the fullness at the waist. The handsome sailor collar flares widely in points at the front, the frill of embroidery daintily finishing the edge. The gigot shirt-sleeves are amply full at the top, the lower edge being finished with cuffs that turn back from the wrists. Wash silk, flannel, outing cloth, gingham, or other seasonable woolen and cotton fabrics will develop prettily by this pattern, which is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

The Felix Skirt with Organ-Pipe Back, shown in 6407, illustrates one of the most popular styles now worn. The model from which this sketch was made was built of rich black silk crepon. The front is

cut in circular form, fitted smoothly at the top without darts, and falls into soft flutes or ripples all around the lower edge which are held in position by a band of elastic tacked underneath. Three separate godet or organ-pipe folds, narrow at the top and spreading widely at the lower edge, form the stylish back. Each godet is interlined throughout with hair-cloth, canvas or other stiff fabric to give the proper set, the front being faced to knee depth with the same. This interlining is basted to the material, and sewed in with the seams, the front facing being tacked to the lining of cambric, percaline



6407-LADIES' FELIX SKIRT

or taffeta which covers the haircloth, and not to the material. The three godets in the back are held closely together by an elastic strap near the top, and the placket is made at the left side in the seam nearest to the centre back. Crepon in its vast variety of fanciful weaves is by all odds the most fashionable skirt material, and its stately folds are displayed to the greatest advantage when modeled by this pattern. Satin, moire, Sicilian, taffeta and brocade, besides all sorts of woolen dress fabrics, will also make up stylishly by this pattern, which is cut in five sizes: viz., 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.

A subscriber asks for the pattern of a Child's Apron. The one shown in 6398 is suitable to be worn in the mornings to protect a frock, and is quite plain. It is made of figured percale in pink and white, and is suitable for children of both sexes. The fronts are cut in sack style and extend nearly to the lower edge of the dress skirt. Square yoke portions join the fronts at the shoulder seams, the backs being gathered and joined to their lower edges. Broad sash ties are inserted in the under-arm seams, that draw the fullness moderately at the waistline in the back under graceful bows and ends. Full sleeves are gathered top and bottom, being finished at the wrists with bands of ample width. A standing collar or band finishes the neck. The pinafore is closed in the back with buttons and buttonholes. A ruffle of embroidered edging at the neck and wrists would add daintiness to this plain little apron. Made of white cambric, lawn, dimity, cross-barred or striped muslin, with frills of embroidery or lace edging, it might be made as ornamental as it is really useful. Gingham



6398-CHILD'S APRON

is more durable than any of the above-named materials, and better adapted to ordinary wear. This pattern is cut in four sizes—for 4, 6, 8 and 10 years of age.

Mothers should like also the Box-Plaited Dress for a small boy shown in 6371. Fancy cotton cheviot in tan and navy blue made this attractive-looking and comfortable frock. Three hollow plaits are laid and stitched in front and back, being let loose several inches below the waistline to the lower edge which is fin-

ished with a deep hem. Under-arm and shoulder seams perform the loose-fitting



6371-BOYS' DRESS

adjustment, the closing being in front with button and buttonholes in the centre of the plait. A wide belt encircles the waist, crossing its pointed ends in back and front with a pretty effect. A broad Byron collar finishes the neck. Full sleeves are gathered top and bottom, the wrists being finished with cuffs, through which the hand can be easily passed. Any fancy woolen or cotton suiting, gingham, Galatea, Madras, pique, serge, flannel, Teviot suiting or outing cloth will make useful little dresses by this design. White and colored pique are particularly dressy when trimmed around the collar and cuffs with embroidered edging. This pattern is cut in three sizes: viz., 2, 4 and 6 years old.

By request the Misses' Shirt-Waist 6350 is repeated. It is made of pink and white striped percale. The fronts are disposed in pretty fullness, by gathers on each side of the box-plait in the centre. This plait laps over the left front and closes with studs, or buttons and buttonholes, the fullness being drawn in at the waistline, and the lower portion worn under the



6350-MISSES' SHIRT WAIST

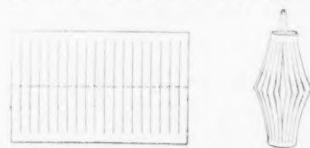
skirt as here shown. The back is plain across the shoulders, being supplied with a pointed yoke portion that is smoothly stitched on. The back is fitted at the waist by means of a cluster of gathers in the centre. A rolling collar with

pointed, flaring ends finishes the neck. The full shirt-sleeves fit closely at the wrists, being finished by cuffs that close with studs in the back. The shirt-waist can be worn outside the skirt if so preferred. Wash silks, and all kinds of cotton wash fabrics, are suitable for waists of this kind, the most fashionable being cheviot, Oxford shirting, chambray, gingham and lawn.

## TALKS WITH YOUNG MOTHERS.

A STRONG, healthy child has the energy of an untamed animal at times, and its little nature must find some vent for its surplus spirits. It requires a mother or friend of abundant resources to keep a family of such little tyrants out of mischief, and frequently the most Job-like patience will be exhausted. The aggressive energy of the boys in particular will strain and irritate a tired person, or one full of nerves. It is better to have them sent away from the room when one is weary and half sick, so that they will not be rebuked or punished in a sudden fit of anger. This energy of fierceness in children is natural, and should not be killed, but should be directed into proper channels. The energetic, enthusiastic men or women do more good than all of the others combined, and this spirit should be encouraged in childhood. When the animal spirits have expended their surplus energy children will sober down more to study and work, and probably carry the same force into their labors that they displayed in their games and amusements.

On rainy days an interesting occupation for amusing children is to teach them to make ornaments out of cut-paper. Nearly every mother knows how to fold the thin tissue paper for making simple flowers and paper dolls. Teach the children how to fold and cut the paper until they can make these to perfection. Old newspaper will do well enough to practice on. Then when they can do the work nicely, give them soft white and colored tissue paper. More elaborate ornaments can then be made. The accompanying cut illustrates a paper Japanese lantern, or a basket made of



very stiff paper. It can be made of all sizes. Fold the paper as indicated by the dotted lines. Cut deep, straight lines through the double part up to a line one-sixth of the distance from the edge. Unfold the paper, and roll it into a tube and fasten the ends with a little paste or mucilage. Cut a circular piece of paper and paste it on the bottom, leaving the opposite side open. On this end make a paper or wire handle, and the lantern is complete. If a number of these are made of pink, white, blue, red, and green paper, the result is very attractive. Strung in a line, they resemble very strongly the Chinese or Japanese lanterns. If very large ones nearly a foot in diameter are made out of stiff cardboard small candles can be lighted in them. For children's birthdays such home-made lanterns lighted around the table will be more effective than the bought ones.

GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

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4-25 95

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M. FRANCIS.





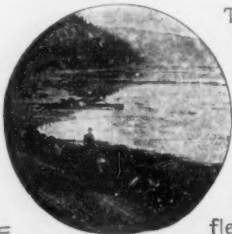


"I gave you the cane only yesterday and now you are a bad boy again to-day."  
JOHNNY—"Well, that shows that it does not do me any good."

## BEAVER LAKE IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

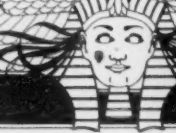
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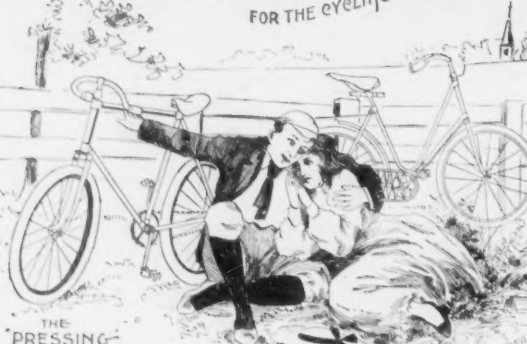
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